

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1915.

Summary of the News

Congress reassembles next Tuesday. In his message, as is indicated by dispatches from Washington, the President will doubtless largely concern himself with the question of national defence. It is also expected that he will suggest to Congress the adoption of legislation giving to the Federal authorities powers which they do not at present possess to enable them to deal effectively with cases of disloyalty and conspiracy. The President is also expected to make recommendations in connection with a new Ship Purchase bill, and to suggest means for raising the revenue which will be required to meet the expenses of the plan for national defence. In a statement issued on November 25 Secretary McAdoo presented an outline of the financial measures he suggests.

The situation in Greece has become considerably less acute, but, as we write, remains uncertain. It was reported last week that the Greek Government had acceded to the demands of the Allied Powers, and an official announcement issued from Athens on November 25 seemed to give confirmation to the statement. The wording of the announcement was, however, somewhat vague, and it was never regarded as conclusive. A second note, outlining the measures which the Powers desired Greece to take, in conformity with the preliminary agreement that had been reached, was presented on Friday of last week. It is understood that the Allied Powers recognize the right of Greece to continue neutral, but demand, as a guarantee of the safety and unhampered action of their forces, the withdrawal of Greek troops from the vicinity of Salonica. It is also supposed that they have demanded that they themselves shall police the territorial waters of Greece as a protection to their navies against the menace of German and Austrian submarines.

Rumanian diplomacy is so agile that it is hazardous to prognosticate anything as to its intentions, but it looks as though a crisis in the fortunes of the country were imminent. The dispatches of the week, recording alleged expressions of opinion by Rumanian statesmen, on which little reliance can be put, have slightly favored the Allies. From the King's speech at the opening of Parliament on Monday, advocating preparedness for defence, no conclusion naturally can be formed. The most important factor in the situation is the presence of large Russian forces on the Rumanian frontier in the neighborhood of the Danube. According to dispatches from Salonica of November 24, the Czar, in a personal telegram to Premier Paschitch, of Serbia, promised that the invasion of Bulgaria by these troops would be undertaken in one week. Side by side with this report we may place the statement from London last Saturday that the Rumanian Government had refused a request of the Austrian and German Governments for permission for their warships to proceed along

the Danube towards Galatz and the Black Sea.

Probably the German statement published on Monday, on which we comment more fully elsewhere, that the campaign in Serbia may be regarded as concluded, is to be read in connection with the Russian threat on the Rumanian frontier. The statement itself, so far as the facts asserted go, is true enough. Serbia, like Belgium, except for a small strip of territory, is in the occupation of the Teutonic forces and their Bulgarian allies. The Servian Government betook itself to Albania in the middle of last week, while the northern army has retired across the Albanian and Montenegrin frontiers, followed by Austrian forces.

The most interesting news from other fronts is that relating to the British expedition in Mesopotamia, which has apparently won a success of considerable importance at Ctesiphon, thus bringing the objective of the expedition, Bagdad, within measurable distance of achievement. The victory, judging from dispatches of Monday's date, was not so complete as was at first assumed, the British forces having again withdrawn to a position lower down the Tigris; but this retirement is probably due to the necessity of keeping the army, until the season is further advanced and the supply of water becomes more plentiful, in close touch with the river and the fleet of supply ships.

The roving commission entrusted to Lord Kitchener was evidently undertaken not only for the purpose of reviewing the Balkan situation and bringing pressure to bear on King Constantine, but also for the wider purpose of securing a greater measure of co-ordination in the operations of the various Allied Powers. From Athens Lord Kitchener went to Rome, and from there to Paris.

There have been two reports from Russian sources during the past week of the torpedoing of German cruisers, both of which have been denied from Berlin. German submarines have had a somewhat unsatisfactory week. A Norwegian vessel has been sunk in the North Sea, and two French and one British boats in the Mediterranean. In an official statement issued in Berlin on November 28 a summary was given of the achievements of submarines in the Mediterranean. According to this, during the first half of November eighteen ships were sunk in those waters, while during the same period in the Baltic only one vessel was sunk by British submarines. A possible explanation of the disparity in results may be obtained from other sources. Reports from Sweden seem to agree that German commerce in the Baltic is virtually at an end and that German ships are huddled in the safe haven of Swedish ports.

Dispatches from Washington early last week asserted that conferences between Secretary Lansing and Count von Bernstorff had been unproductive of results in regard to any settlement of the Lusitania case. Nothing further has been heard of the Ancona.

The case of the Zealandia, which was searched by a British cruiser when, accord-

ing to one version, she was inside Mexican territorial waters, appears to have resolved itself into a question of measurement. According to dispatches from Washington on Monday, the Mexican port authorities measured by the sextant, the British captain by his range-finder. Hence the discrepancy of some fraction of a mile in the respective estimates of distance. It is probable that the case will be dropped.

A good deal of attention during the past week has been aroused by the scheme of a Mr. Ford, an automobile manufacturer of Detroit, to charter a ship on which he proposes to take a number of unofficial emissaries of peace to Europe. The object of the expedition, as declared by its originator, is "to get the troops out of the trenches by Christmas."

The case against Dr. Karl Buentz and other officials of the Hamburg-American Line on charges of conspiring to defraud the Government was rested by the prosecution on Monday. Capt. Boy-Ed's name has been freely mentioned in the evidence introduced in the trial, and there have been reports that the German Government contemplates lodging a protest against implicating its representative in the unsavory business. Investigations into alleged Teutonic conspiracies are now being conducted in San Francisco.

In a period of gigantic loans the instantaneous success of the new French "Victory" loan stands out as a striking achievement. Estimates made by Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, the economist, at the end of last week, were that the total figures might amount to \$4,000,000,000, half being conversions of old issues.

News came from Ottawa on Monday that the Canadian Government had commandeered all high-grade wheat in elevators from Fort William, on Lake Superior, to the Atlantic Coast.

Dispatches on Tuesday announced the arrival of the Kaiser in Vienna and his meeting with the Emperor Francis Joseph. There were also reports of dissension in the Austro-Hungarian Cabinet, and in connection with these the inevitable rumors of a separate peace on the part of Austria-Hungary were revived.

The German Reichstag reassembled for its sixth war session on Tuesday. We have no detailed reports of its meeting as we write, but there is every indication that the question of food will figure prominently in its discussions. It is thought also that the Socialists will endeavor to obtain from the Chancellor some definite statement regarding Germany's aims in the war. There have been more reports of food riots in Germany during the past week, and dispatches from Amsterdam on Tuesday drew attention to the fact that for four days the circulation of certain newspapers outside of Germany appeared to have been prohibited.

A further statement by Lord Bryce of atrocities perpetrated on the Armenians was published in the morning papers of last Saturday.

The Week

The result of the first important bye-election for Parliament since the beginning of the war has unmistakable significance. Two candidates stood for Keir Hardie's vacant seat. Both were Laborites, one being the "official," the other the "unofficial," candidate. Both supported the Government. Between two such men there would seem to have been little choice. Yet the candidate who had the backing of the South Wales Miners' Federation was beaten by the sizable majority of 4,000 votes. The explanation of this result is partly that the "unofficial" candidate made his campaign upon the issue of the energetic prosecution of the war, while his opponent contented himself with a more moderate tone. But it is pointed out that the unsuccessful candidate had been connected with the Independent Labor party and its anti-war doctrines, and that this heavily handicapped him in the contest. Such a result would be significant in any election district in England, but in the district which had sent to Westminster the leader of the peace element in the British Socialists, a man some of whose utterances regarding the war had led a London newspaper to call his attention to an Order in Council prescribing penalties for giving aid to the enemy, it is conclusive upon the point of Britain's determination to see the war through.

The story told by Mrs. Eleanor Franklin Egan, of the attack on a British passenger ship in the Mediterranean by a submarine flying the Turkish flag, has a most important bearing on the whole subject of the killing of non-combatants upon merchant ships by submarine attack. In this particular case of the Barulos, twenty-five lives were lost through panic, and this was unjustified, since the commander of the submarine had no intention of committing such an outrage upon humanity, and such a violation of the laws of war, as has been committed again and again by the commanders of German submarines. The submarine fired a warning shot, but most of the passengers were instantly seized with panic terror; Mrs. Egan herself was "caught in the rush and literally forced over the side into the sea." The conduct of the submarine she describes as follows:

The underwater craft had her collapsible lifeboat out, and the crew were pulling people out of the water onto her deck. The officer was holding up his hands shouting to the people in the water to be calm. I heard

him say in perfect English: "For God's sake, go back to your ship. We are not murderers."

This is most creditable to the captain of this submarine; but it brings out in all the stronger relief the criminality of that policy—a policy which, so far as the principle of it is concerned, Germany has not as yet given the slightest sign of repudiating—which was put into force in the case of the Lusitania, the Arabic, and in all probability of the Ancona. And how could the poor women and children on the Barulos know that the commander of this warship flying the Turkish flag would be less inhuman than the man who ordered the Lusitania butchery? The blame for the deaths of these twenty-five victims is to be placed not on the panic, but on the cause behind the panic—the murderous and lawless policy of von Tirpitz and his Government.

When the Kaiser enters Constantinople, to greet his exalted brother-in-arms, the Sultan, he will have to take pains to forget what Germans have written of the Turks. For example, there is the letter which Bismarck wrote to the old Emperor on August 11, 1877. It was at the time of the first Russian reverses in the war with Turkey, and Bismarck associated himself with Wilhelm I in regretting the misfortune. He did not think that Germany would need to face a change of policy, but he went on to say:

It is impossible without deep sympathy to read of the misfortunes of these brave and friendly soldiers, or without indignation to learn of the shameless outrages committed by the Turks upon the wounded and helpless. *With such barbarians it is difficult to be on good terms diplomatically, and I think that all Christian Powers must be indignant.* . . . For the Russians, there lies in these events evidence that, in this war, they are the champions of Christian civilization against heathenish barbarism.

This letter was first printed in the "Anhang" to Bismarck's "Erinnerungen," and may be found at p. 273 of Vol. I. It shows what a lot of water has flowed under the bridge since the great Chancellor made friendship with Russia a cardinal point in the true policy of Germany. But, of course, when he said that it was difficult to keep up even diplomatic relations with Turkey, he did not dream that a German Kaiser would one day be in alliance with a blood-stained Sultan, and entirely ready to overlook those Turkish *Greuelthaten* against which humane men all over the world, except in Germany, are crying out as Bismarck cried out against them in the Germany of 1877.

The official German press warns the So-

cialist and Radical newspapers against lending aid and comfort to the enemy by harping on the scarcity of food and the high prices. To this *Vorwärts* retorts that it is for the Government to remove the cause of complaint. It is not the Socialist press alone that needs admonition from the Government. Quite as bad is the impression created abroad by the patriotic organs which attempt to show that Germany never can be starved so long as German science can find substitutes for bread and meat; wood-pulp, for instance. The *Vossische Zeitung* praises the "masterly" address of one expert dealing with the digestibility and nourishing properties of wood. Another scientist shows how all that is needed is to boil lumber in lactic acid; "the whole mass becomes appetizing and highly nourishing," and it is thus revealed that "German forests contain enormous treasures of food material." We need not take such statements too seriously. A year ago one German professor had found that straw, by judicious scientific handling, could be rendered palatable and life-sustaining, but Germany to-day is not living on straw. Yet what a commentary this discussion does offer on German prospects of "victory." Nations may stave off disastrous defeat and annihilation by extraordinary self-sacrifice, but it is hard to think of armies marching triumphantly on Suez and India, while at home the nation speaks of the nutritive qualities of straw and lumber.

Yet no true conception of conditions in Germany can be framed if we insist on reading into German newspaper opinion a deeper significance than we read into Allied newspaper opinion of the same tenor, or emphasize internal conditions in Germany to the neglect of similar conditions elsewhere. If, for instance, a large section of the German press is calling upon the Government to state the terms upon which it is willing to make peace, it is also true that a paper of the standing of the London *Morning Post* is calling upon the Allied Governments to state what kind of peace they are striving for. If there are dissensions in Germany on the question of the desirability of peace, we must remember that in London the crowds are breaking up peace meetings held under the auspices of members of Parliament. We do not mean to say that conditions in Germany and England are similar. The very fact, for example, that there should be dissension in Germany shows how far we are from the unity and spirit of determination which were supposed to characterize the German people; whereas in England the free expression

of opinion is a normal thing. Nevertheless, the necessity does exist for reading Berlin dispatches and London dispatches with the same desire to get at the truth.

Secretary McAdoo has issued a statement as to the condition of the Treasury, its prospects, and the means for obtaining the additional revenue needed if the preparedness programme is adopted. Concerning the actual state of the nation's finances, and especially their condition in comparison with recent years, there promises to be a good deal of controversy, though in the end there can hardly be any difficulty in establishing the truth of the case. As to the Secretary's chief suggestions concerning sources of revenue, on the other hand, there is likely to be fairly general agreement. The retention of what remains of the sugar tariff, through repeal of the provision of the present law which provided for its gradual automatic extinction, will meet, we suppose, with almost no opposition at all; it should suit protectionists as a matter of course, and anti-protectionists, as being that tariff measure which can best be justified from a revenue standpoint and which produces a minimum of disturbance in the general tariff situation. An increase of the income tax will be much less welcome, but doubtless everybody is expecting it; and if it is to come, it is most desirable that there be a lowering of the exemption limit (as Mr. McAdoo suggests) along with a raising of the rate. As to the miscellaneous taxes, there is here room for any amount of variation; but the automobile is a shining mark, and is scarcely likely to escape. Still, with so many other sources open to the Federal Government, it may well be asked whether it would not be better to leave the automobilist to the States and municipalities. Their needs are constantly growing, and they are far more hampered than is the nation in the choice of subjects of taxation.

The Supreme Court's decision upholding the validity of the New York law—recently amended by the Legislature so as to ward off its worst effects—directed against the employment of alien labor on public works is not in the slightest degree inconsistent with its recent decision declaring the Arizona Anti-Alien Labor law unconstitutional. On the contrary, in the opinion handed down in the Arizona case, the Court not only took pains to point out that the question involved in it had reference to regulation of private employment only, but made explicit reference, at two points, to the question of public

works, or the paying out of public moneys, in a manner that was doubtless intended more or less to foreshadow the conclusion that has been announced in the New York case. The Arizona law, it was pointed out in the earlier decision, "is not limited to persons who are engaged on public work or receive the benefit of public moneys"; and again:

The discrimination defined by the act does not pertain to the regulation or distribution of the public domain, or of the common property or resources of the people of the State, the enjoyment of which may be limited to its citizens as against both aliens and the citizens of other States.

To say, in the face of this, as the New York *World* does, that the "Supreme Court in a way reversed itself in less than thirty days," is preposterous. As for the idea that the New York decision means that while "States are powerless to confer upon their citizens the right to violate treaties," yet they "may do so themselves with impunity," that is mere moonshine. The Court declared the Arizona law invalid because it violates rights guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment; and it declares the New York law valid because, in its opinion, it violates neither these rights nor any rights conferred by treaty.

The project of a "permanent non-partisan Tariff Commission" has, in the form in which it is put forward by the Merchants' Association of New York, the merit of great clearness:

The Commission favored by the Association would have authority to gather, investigate, and tabulate technical and statistical facts of all kinds pertinent to the tariff schedules, both in this country and abroad, and its reports would be confined to ascertained facts *without recommendations*, unless recommendations should be asked for by Congress or the President.

The words which we have put in italics suggest a vital difference between what the movement of the New York organization contemplates and what has often—perhaps usually—been in the minds of the advocates of a permanent Tariff Commission. The device has been urged as a solution of the tariff problem—a means of automatically getting the tariff "out of politics." To be sure, few, if any, have ventured to propose that Congress should delegate its powers to a Commission; but what *has* been expected is that a Commission might be charged with the duty of framing a "scientific" tariff, subject to the approval of Congress, and that in practice this would result in the actual substitution of science for politics in the framing of our tariff laws.

That such a substitution of authoritative scientific conclusions for the pulling and hauling, the give and take, of political struggle is impossible in a field in which opposing opinions upon fundamentals are tenaciously held by somewhat equal portions of the population, is recognized not only in the statement we have quoted, but also in an extract from a book by Mr. Henry R. Towne, chairman of the Association's committee on the subject, which is presented as further defining its position. In this the distinction is sharply drawn between the determination of a policy on the tariff and the settlement of all the details. Whatever the policy may be, it is, of course, desirable, as Mr. Towne says, that it be applied with the fullest attainable knowledge of the facts concerned. "The function of a Tariff Commission," he says, "is to ascertain, record, and report these facts, leaving Congress free to deal with them as it may see fit." Even with this reasonable and modest view of a Tariff Commission's function, however, it is well to bear in mind the limitations and difficulties with which its undertaking would be beset; how serious these are, the experience of the able Board which, in President Taft's Administration, struggled with the question of difference of cost of production suffices to show.

It was Pennsylvania manufacturers who spoke of business as "trembling in the presence of the Democratic party." Now Senator Penrose, observing the same sensitive barometer, and compelled to admit a certain general prosperity, remarks that "much of the hopefulness is based upon the assumption that the Wilson Administration and its policies will be defeated and protection will be restored to the nation." So used is Senator Penrose, like Representative Mann and others, to whistling to keep up his courage, that when he perceives business in a whistling frame of mind he can think of no other explanation. The psychology of business, according to these Republican diagnosticians, is a fearful and wonderful thing. In 1907, beyond any doubt, it was some prevision of 1912 that caused a panic. The depression of the last two years arose from the consciousness that, whatever happened, business was in for Democratic misrule till 1917. But business can reach an almost unparalleled pitch of prosperity upon the mere hope that such misrule will not extend beyond that year. One puzzling aspect of these "explanations" is that their authors should admit so much virtue in a mere frame of mind—virtue able to triumph over the hard facts

presented by Democratic measures. Another lies in the circumstance that a multitude of manufacturers confess to doing well at the same time that they contemplate the probable reelection of President Wilson.

Iowa reminds the country that there is to be a Republican Convention next year by an impressive launching of the Cummins Presidential boom. "Impressive," because the gathering of Republican leaders from all over the State included standpatters who fought Cummins in that dim past when he was running for Governor, and Progressives who did not quite know whether to fight him or not in the more recent times. Not in fifteen years, if we may trust the dispatches, has there been such an assembling of the clans in the State which may fairly claim to have done its best to introduce progressivism into the Republican party in a safe and sane way. Everybody was welcome, and no questions asked, to enroll in the Iowa Cummins Club, which has set out to give the State its first President. One thing in the Senator's favor is the geography of the situation. Like his rival, Burton, Cummins lives in the belt where the nomination lightning has a fondness for striking. Weeks may be an excellent man, but why should a Middle Westerner go outside his own favored section for a candidate for the White House?

These persons, for the sake of profits alone, deliberately encourage the workers to have large families, that their little ones may be driven to labor, that the factories shall have them.—[Helen Keller in the *New York Call*.]

It was inevitable that Chicago's defective baby should be seized upon as a text for a "social" lesson; not simply as a text for eugenics, where the application would be fair enough, but as only another instance in the argument which traces all the ills of the world to our social and industrial system. It may be that the unscrupulous "profiteer" wants more poor children, but if so he has been singularly unsuccessful in having his wish. If one were asked to name any two great social forces that mark the history of the last fifty years, one could properly cite the rise of the factory system and the decline of the world's birth-rate. Germany, which industrialized herself after 1860, has witnessed a birth decline which her militarists now regard as a public menace. The same is true of industrialized England and this country. But Russia, which has hardly been scratched by the factory system, continues to pour forth an enormous increase of young life. Life, after all, is not

entirely shaped by the conscious ambitions of the economic masters of society.

In the present issue of the *Nation* we publish the second of a series of articles, announced last summer, on the subject of the New Realism. Following upon Professor Firkins's paper, which laid bare the lack of truth in the fashionable poetry of the moment, Professor Sherman deals with a prominent representative of present-day realism in fiction. It appears that settling Hoti's business is not the easy matter which many have been led to believe. Though the cry has been persistent of late that only facts are wanted, whether the medium be a poem, a novel, or the report of a factory superintendent, there is no escape from the conviction that true art is not a vehicle into which life raw and crude can be dumped with good effect. Art has its rules which require that life shall be presented in typical instances, and typical instances imply the exercise on the part of the artist of a sturdy judgment of what is representative as distinct from what is isolated. Facts are facts, it is true, but for art the interpretation of facts is the main thing. Interpretation, in turn, depends upon a philosophy of life. Without this a novelist is in no better case than a newspaper reporter. Not that our young writers of fiction are without this philosophy. It is because they have it, and must have it in order to build up their stories, that it is possible to convict out of their own mouths most of those who are posing as realists of not being realists at all. At the risk of committing a "never," we are tempted to say that never before has so much sheer naturalism masqueraded in the guise of authentic realism.

Years ago editions of Baedeker spoke of a movement in Philadelphia to unite the private art collections of Mr. Widener, Mr. Elkins, and Mr. Johnson in a suitable permanent building open to the public. In the city in which more than a century ago the painter Peale was head of one of the most flourishing academies of fine arts in the New World, this project for a substantial public museum still hangs fire. Comparatively new Western cities, like Cleveland and Minneapolis, have seen splendid buildings go up in the last few years, but Philadelphians have been unable to agree on a bond issue or other provision. In the option which his father's will has left Mr. Joseph Widener, to retain the Widener art collection or to present it to New York, Washington, or Philadelphia, the city ought now to find inspira-

tion to build a gallery that would afford suitable protection to such an exhibit.

The rapid growth of Princeton University in the last ten years is set forth in a bulletin issued by the Princeton University Press Club. A decade ago the estimated value of the buildings at Princeton was \$3,238,840. Since then nineteen new structures have been erected at a cost of \$4,157,480. The teaching faculty has been increased from 100 to 195, and the salary budget from \$195,135 yearly to \$401,310. While costs have thus been multiplied by two, the increase of students has been slightly less than 20 per cent. The students pay but little more in tuition for the enlarged facilities. These have been made possible by special gifts, like that of Mr. Procter, and bequests like that of Mrs. Swann. The professors have gained but little in salary, a fact to which the authorities "point with regret." Princeton's development from 1905 to 1915 has been truly remarkable. But so has been the expansion of many another university. Undergraduates are the beneficiaries of a fast-mounting expenditure.

It took half a century and the efforts of educators like Barnard and Mann to persuade Americans to substitute State control for local and private control of schools. It is only by losing sight of the great progress made by virtually all State systems in the last few decades that one can doubt their ability to maintain the work of improvement without Federal interference. Ex-President Taft's suggestion, that the Federal Bureau of Education be made a national university with power to examine teachers and issue Federal certificates, is objectionable as trenching on the functions of the commonwealths in a way that might lead to their neglect or atrophy. The betterment of the schools now depends primarily upon the general centralization of control at the State capitals—the abolition of district schools and their replacement by township schools, the exercise of increased authority over the townships by the county, and a firmer direction of county policies by the State superintendents and State boards. The national Government has every reason to avoid action that would weaken the hands of the State, while putting itself to useless expense and labor. At the same time, it is quite possible that in undertaking special investigations by State invitation, the Federal Bureau could—as ex-President Taft asserts—stimulate the backward States to progressive action.

MEXICO AND THE CATHOLICS.

The publication on Monday of the long letter of the President's private secretary, Mr. Tumulty, to a fellow-Catholic, with accompanying documents, is undoubtedly to be taken, first of all, as an effort of the Administration to allay Catholic feeling in this country. This has shown itself much inflamed by Mr. Wilson's course towards Mexico, and particularly by the stories of shocking cruelties to priests and nuns which have come across the border. The charge has been made that these outrages were committed by the soldiers of Carranza's armies, if not under direct orders of the military authorities, at least with their wicked acquiescence. Hence, it has been alleged, to recognize Carranza as *de facto* President of Mexico is to make our Government tolerant of monstrous crimes, and to offer a deadly insult to the Catholic Church. It is not only Catholic citizens and newspapers that have taken up the cry. Mr. Roosevelt has, in pursuance of his avowed purpose to "tear Wilson to pieces," caught up the reports from Mexico, given them full credit, and made them the basis of railing accusations. It must be to such assertions as his that Mr. Tumulty's letter refers when it says: "Any effort to drag out all the horrors of a fratricidal war and put them on parade, to paint only the dark side, to keep open wounds when that country is prostrate in sorrow and its people praying for peace, is scarcely a labor which any friend of Mexico would undertake, or in which any man could find pride."

The question of fact is admittedly difficult. It will not be disposed of by this official publication. Indeed, Mr. Tumulty frankly concedes that in the turmoil of civil war in Mexico, with guerrilla bands operating in various parts of the republic, horrible things have been done. But he contends that the Washington Administration has done all that it could to safeguard Catholics in Mexico. He also asserts that there has been a vast exaggeration of the actual outrages, and, in particular, that the accounts of widespread violation of nuns by a ruthless soldiery have been without warrant in fact. After careful official inquiry, not one authentic case of this infamy has been brought to the knowledge of our State Department. It is hard, if not impossible, to prove a negative in such a matter. We presume it to be highly probable that there have been a few cases of outraged nuns. But it is certain that there have not been near-

ly so many as freely charged. And to some specific allegations Mr. Tumulty's letter gives a quietus. For example, in "The Book of Red and Yellow," printed by the Catholic Church Extension Society of America, there is a chapter dealing with "The Persecution of the Sisters." One of the latter makes a sworn statement about what she saw with her own eyes, in which occurs the following:

In Mexico City I have seen with the utmost regret many religious who have been victims of the unbridled passions of the soldiers. Many I found bemoaning their misfortune, being about to become mothers, some in their own homes and others in maternity hospitals. Others have allowed themselves to be carried away by their misfortune and have given up all, filled with desperation and shame. They complain against God, saying that they have been abandoned by Him.

To this, Mr. Tumulty is able to oppose the testimony of the Vicar-General of the Archbishopric of Mexico City, Antonio J. Paredes. In a report dated January 22, 1915, he says:

With reference to the violation of nuns (*señoras religiosas*), I am positive that no one of them within the archbishopric has suffered an attack upon her honor, and I have been unable to confirm the rumors that violated nuns have arrived in this capital from other places. Inasmuch as all religious affairs come to the office of which I am in charge, I consider the above rumors as entirely false.

This is authoritative for these particular charges, and ought to make even Mr. Roosevelt hesitate before believing every story of the kind that comes to him.

If the Mexican Government of to-day is severe in its attitude towards the Catholic Church, this is no more than all Mexican Governments have been for the past sixty years. There can be no understanding of the Catholic question in Mexico to-day which does not take into account what has gone before. Mexico has a body of anti-Clerical legislation so drastic as to make the most extreme measures of France in recent years seem mild by comparison. The so-called "Laws of Reform," worked out by Lerdo and Juárez and Comonfort during the struggles of many years, were an attack upon the ancient privileges of the Mexican Church more sweeping than anything which Carranza has done or proposed. Whether those anti-Clerical laws were justified or not, we do not here discuss. Our sole point is that they, and the treatment of priests and nuns that went along with them, were never alleged as a reason why the United States should not recognize those earlier Mexican Presidents. But now we are told that Carranza ought not to be recognized because he

is anti-Clerical, and because crimes such as used to stain former revolutions in Mexico have again been committed during the past three years. Nowhere is there any proof that Carranza himself is personally responsible; but everything that drunken soldiers or roving bandits have done is laid upon his shoulders. This is manifestly unfair.

We must try to keep distinct the question of outrages in Mexico and the question who bids fair soonest to restore peace and order in Mexico. Abhorrence of the crimes cannot be too great. If the criminals are caught, their punishment cannot be too severe. But we submit that all this is beside the point of what is to be done by outside nations to help Mexico to her feet. It is a neat point which Mr. Tumulty scores when he remarks that the other countries which joined the United States in deciding that Carranza was the man for the great Mexican work are all Catholic countries.

THE SERBIAN CAMPAIGN.

The German General Staff announces the close of its campaign against the Serbian army. That army has now been driven beyond the national frontiers and the object of the German operations—an open road to Constantinople—has been attained. It is rather unusual for a war staff to inform its opponents that it has gone as far as it expects to and so relieve the enemy of undue anxiety. The Berlin statement is intended primarily, of course, for the people at home. The irresistible onset of the German arms has been proved in another theatre of war. Serbia is now at one with Poland and with Belgium as a sign of victory if the war is to be decided by the clash of armies, as another trump card in the hands of the German diplomatist if peace is to come through weariness and a matching of gains and losses. Possibly, the announcement of the "close" of Teutonic operations in the Balkans is not intended for the German people alone. Among the Allies the query will arise where Germany may strike next. In Italy, for example, the question might well be the cause of some anxiety.

In the Balkan campaign the Central Powers set out to accomplish the very same object that the Allies aimed at six months ago, and they have succeeded where the Allies have failed. Great Britain, in beginning the Dardanelles campaign, had a double purpose. By forcing the straits she hoped to bring aid to a beleaguered ally—Russia—

which was badly in need of war supplies and which needed in turn an outlet for her food supplies upon which her economic standing in the international markets was largely based. A greater potential result was the effect which the fall of Constantinople would have exercised upon the attitude of the Balkan peoples. Bulgaria, Greece, Rumania, without question, would now be fighting on the side of the Allies. The Germanic Powers would never have executed their march into the heart of Russia. Instead, it is not unlikely that the Czar might have broken through the Carpathian barrier, and the end of the war would have been in sight. It has turned out the other way. Germany, in turn, faced the necessity of bringing aid to a beleaguered ally—Turkey—from whom in turn she might draw food supplies, in moderate quantity, for her own people. This she has accomplished. Germany, in the second place, faced the problem of swinging the Balkan balance in her favor. This, too, she has accomplished. Bulgaria is her ally, Serbia is out of it. Greece is friendly. Rumania, in spite of all rumors about Russian armies preparing to march through her territory against Bulgaria, desires to remain neutral.

As a military achievement the conquest of the greater part of Serbia does not rank particularly high. What is impressive is not the speed with which the task has been performed or the obstacles which have been overcome, but the smoothness with which the operation has been carried out. Suppose the campaign conducted under Austrian instead of German leadership, and there would probably have been temporary setbacks, delays, mistakes, even if the ultimate outcome were the same. It was the German machine at work. But the German machine, while working smoothly, did not perform miracles. We may compare the operations of the last two months with the progress of events during the first Balkan war of 1912. In that year the combined forces of Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, and Montenegro outnumbered the Turkish armies as 7 to 4. In the present campaign at least three-quarters of a million Teutons, Bulgars, and Turks were arrayed against 200,000 Serbs at most, and about as many Allies in Gallipoli, or nearly 2 to 1. The Germanic attack upon Serbia began on October 6; and Belgrade was occupied on October 9, the very same day on which, three years ago, Montenegro gave the signal for war against Turkey. Just seven weeks after Belgrade, the Teutonic forces reached Mitrovitsa. But in 1912 the Bulgars had won the battle of Lule Burgas in

less than three weeks after the outbreak of war, and were before the Chataldja lines in less than five weeks, covering a greater distance than from Belgrade to Mitrovitsa. In six weeks the Serbs in 1912 had occupied Monastir. In four weeks the Greeks were at Salonica.

Actually, the odds against the Servians were much greater than those faced by the Turks in 1912. The Allies in Gallipoli have not entered into the reckoning. With 200,000 men at most, Serbia had to face an attack on three sides carried out by 200,000 Austro-Germans and probably a quarter of a million Bulgars. Against German leadership there was no chance of a dramatic *coup* such as shattered the Austrian army of invasion last December. The Servian army had the choice between retreating with forces intact into Albania and by a roundabout route back into southern Serbia, or thinning its lines and fighting a delaying campaign. The first alternative would have given the Central Powers immediate control of the road to Constantinople, while the Bulgars, facing no resistance in the north, would have poured larger forces into Macedonia than they have done, and might now have been in possession of Monastir and all of Serbia. A delaying campaign meant the loss of the greater part of the Servian army, but it furnished a respite for the bringing up of Allied reinforcements which might at least safeguard a remnant of the national territory. This is what has happened. The parallel with Belgium is complete. The Cerna River on which the French are established is the Yser of Serbia. Monastir is Ypres.

Berlin's announcement of the "close" of the campaign against Serbia is coincident with the arrival of winter. There is snow in the mountains. Operations can be conducted only with great difficulty. Yet Berlin's statement does not necessarily mean a suspension. The "end" may have been attained, but there is no reason why the victors should not press on to unforeseen advantages. Unless the rumored agreement between Bulgaria and Greece regarding Monastir is a fact, there is no reason why the Bulgars should not use their forces, released in the north, for exercising increased pressure against the Allies in the south. But even if a respite is granted to the Allies, the task which confronts them next spring is formidable. To match the forces of their enemies in the Balkans, they have now about 300,000 men in Gallipoli and Serbia, with the remnants of the Serb army. Before spring they must double their forces, if they are to be on equal terms, and they must pour

in half a million men if they are to assume the aggressive.

FOOD AND PEACE.

We may divide the war into three phases. In the first phase, victory was sought through the clash of armies. In the second phase, it became a test of munitions. In the present phase, there enters the factor of the possible endurance of the nations measured in terms of food. The problem is one that does not confront Germany alone. The cost of living has gone up in Great Britain. Prices have become burdensome in France. In Austria there is dire want. Russia has her great stocks of unsold grain, but the disorganization of industry and sharp depreciation of currency have undoubtedly played their part. France is preparing to follow Germany in fixing maximum prices. All Europe is suffering, and we can only strive at a rough estimate as to which nation suffers most. It is in Germany that the situation is being most vehemently discussed. The question is, therefore, whether conditions in Germany are faithfully portrayed in the public press, or whether the greater agitation there is due simply to the German habit of facing a problem squarely and taking measures to safeguard the future.

Such figures as are available unquestionably show a more serious state of affairs in Germany than in France or Great Britain. For Great Britain the London *Economist* estimates a rise of 25 per cent. in the price of commodities entering into the working-class budget. For Germany, according to the *Economist*, the official Prussian figures show an increase since the outbreak of the war of 75 per cent. The scarcity weighs in particular upon the children. The maximum price for butter was fixed at Berlin in October at 67 cents a pound, but in other parts of the country the price is from 80 to 90 cents. Milk for adult consumption has become prohibitive, and in many parts is hardly obtainable. By comparison, the figures for Paris, quoted in a recent number of the *Petit Parisien*, are much more favorable. Butter sells at 40 cents a pound, an increase of 40 per cent. since the beginning of the war. Milk has gone up one cent from seven to eight cents a quart. The increase in meat prices ranges from 16 per cent. for poultry down to scarcely any advance for pork. But fish has gone up 60 per cent., partly because of the increased demand, partly because of the drafting of the Breton fishermen; potatoes have gone up 25 per cent., and now sell at 2 cents a pound, or

nearly twice the maximum fixed in Germany, and cabbages for the workingman's soup have risen 133 per cent., from 6 cents to 14 cents per head. The pressure is sufficiently acute in France, but the children there suffer less than they do in Germany.

Conditions in Austria are reflected in a recent statement of a Vienna "Hausfrau" in the *Neue Freie Presse*, dealing with the problem from the standpoint of the lower middle classes. It is a question of feeding a family of five on an income of \$1,200 a year. According to the writer, the common phrase about the housewife's ceaseless and painful "guerrilla warfare" for existence has become bitterly true. She gives very few figures, but the picture is a sad one. Of meat for the daily diet there is no use in speaking, and only the most painful economy will produce a roast for Sunday with something left over for the following day. "Given bread, flour, potatoes, fat, and a bit of rice, and a life-sustaining diet may be worked out on a semi-vegetarian basis." The whole secret of subsistence under present circumstances consists in a "ceaseless" study of ways and means, based on market reports, and personal intensive shopping. With all that, the hunt for butter and fat is a useless one. The children must be content with the comparatively cheap apple-butter. Milk for coffee is out of the question. The writer hopes that the scarcity in potatoes will disappear; "otherwise the nourishment of the family simply cannot be carried on." These are the conditions which confront what in ordinary times would be a fairly prosperous family. What conditions are for the working classes it is not hard to imagine.

For Germany and Austria the food problem has thus resolved itself into the simple factor of potatoes. The German authorities assert that there is no scarcity in that staple, and if regulation has become necessary, the greed of middlemen and speculators has made it so. More than that, the maximum for potatoes seems actually designed to force prices down below even the normal level in order to make up for the deficiency in pretty nearly everything else. Seventy-two cents a hundredweight has been set as the maximum price to the farmer, and retail prices must not exceed that by thirty cents, so that the consumer is supposed to pay a little over a cent a pound, which, as we have seen, would be only one-half the price in the Paris markets. The maximum, however, is not always adhered to. The Frankfurt Town Council has been compelled to pay ten cents more a hundred for 200 tons. At

any rate, this very emphasis on potatoes shows how largely the German masses are expected to do without nearly everything else that enters into their regular diet. If, with potatoes selling at one cent a pound, the cost of sustenance has nevertheless risen 75 per cent. since the outbreak of war, we can imagine what the increase has been in commodities that go beyond the mere need of keeping body and soul together.

Will Germany, therefore, be starved into submission? It does not follow in the least. We need only recall the South in the Civil War. But it does not need actual starvation to force German statesmen into considering peace. That is the significance of the clamor that rises not only from the Socialist organs like *Vorwärts*, but from moderate organs of the non-Imperialist type. Lack of food will not drive Germany to accept defeat, but it is bound to compel a revision of definitions. Victory, defeat, peace—they cannot mean now what they meant at the beginning of the war; that is true for all nations. But the problem is all the more pressing upon the German Government, for the very reason that German arms on land have been victorious. In France it will be a sufficient answer to the suffering masses that it is a question even of starving or going under as a nation. In Great Britain the sacrifices of the people are the price for the preservation of the Empire. But what does Germany understand by "victory"? Is it necessary for little children to go without sufficient nourishment in order that the eagles may be carried to Suez? That is the question before the Kaiser.

A FINE BENEFACTION.

In these days, when "thinking in millions" has become commonplace, and when, fortunately, giving and bequeathing in millions for beneficent purposes are of frequent occurrence, the fact that a million dollars has been devoted by an individual to a humane object does not in itself attract more than passing attention. But such an act as that of Mrs. Isaac L. Rice—already known for her public spirit through her fight against noise—whose plan of establishing a hospital for convalescents near New York in memory of her recently deceased husband has just been announced, is differentiated in several ways from the general run of gifts. In the first place, while public bequests by millionaires are quite the order of the day, gifts from the living that form a large part of the entire fortune of the giver are very rare. Moreover, even

in leaving money after death, it is unusual for our millionaires, if they have children, to devote more than a comparatively small proportion to the general good; whereas Mrs. Rice not only makes this generous gift while she is living and not of an advanced age, but is diminishing by so much the inheritance of her six children.

In this circumstance there is ground not only for especial recognition of large-minded generosity, but for some reflections which the possessors of the enormous fortunes of the present time would do well to lay to heart. In the case of these fortunes, in which in many instances there are only two or three children, one might expect that persons of good will and of enlightened mind would devote to beneficent purposes a considerable portion of their wealth, either at death or sooner. And if this is very rarely done—as it is—we feel sure that the cause is to be found chiefly in want of thought. Persons of the type we have in mind do not deliberately weigh the question whether, before dividing up their millions among their two or three children, it would not be well first to devote a really substantial fraction to some large or noble end; if they spent a little time in earnestly considering this question, they could come to but one conclusion, unless they were wholly wanting in imagination. They would be sure to see that the children would suffer no diminution whatever of happiness through getting six million dollars each instead of ten, or two million instead of three; while thousands of their fellow-men would be incalculably benefited, generation after generation, by the mere stroke of a pen that would suffice to determine the surplus millions to a worthy and beautiful use. The failure lies not so much in the heart, or even in the mind, as in the mere mechanical following of a routine course. Even a single example ought to be worth much in stirring up the thought of doing likewise. Nothing is more certain than that it is to the force of example that we are chiefly indebted for that practice of philanthropic munificence which is far more general in our time than in the past, and in our country than in any other.

It happens that the choice made by Mrs. Rice of the object of her gift is as noteworthy as the generosity of it. Our resources are notably deficient in provision for convalescents. The accommodations of our hospitals are in such demand, and the expense of their maintenance so great, that patients are necessarily dismissed from them as soon as the stage of convalescence

is reached; and moreover, it is not in the hospital, but in surroundings of a very different character, that convalescents can receive the benefit of which they stand in special need. Plenty of room and fresh air, cheery and homelike surroundings, the absence of that sense of constant supervision and discipline which necessarily prevails in the ordinary hospital—these are some of the things which an establishment for convalescents can provide and, if properly managed, can provide at moderate expense. It is safe to say that in thousands of cases the benefits derived from the regular hospital treatment can be vastly augmented and made far more permanent through such care during the period of convalescence.

There is an extraordinary scarcity in the neighborhood of New York, and of our great cities generally, of desirable places where persons who do not need institutional care of any kind, but who do need quiet, country air, good food, and a well-ordered house, can rebuild their health. The number of places—whether hotels, boarding houses, or what may be called semi-sanatoria—that one's family physician can recommend to an ordinary invalid for this purpose is amazingly small. Here is a case not for charity, not even for "philanthropy and four per cent.," but for intelligent planning on purely business principles, if but the right person could be found to take hold of it. There is no difficulty whatever in finding such places in the neighborhood of any great city in Germany or France; but it must be remembered that it is also perfectly easy to find within these cities delightful pensions at prices to suit almost any purse, whereas in our American cities such establishments are almost as rare as white crows. The difficulty, therefore, is somewhat deep-seated; yet we are quite sure it is not insuperable. If there are left in such a city as New York any doctors of the old-fashioned type, doctors who have time to give to the homelier interests of their patients, they might do much worse than to cast about for ways and means of supplying this great deficiency. There must be numbers of persons, especially women, who have just the qualities necessary for conducting excellent homes, large or small, designed for the accommodation of convalescents. They might not make a fortune at the business, but they could certainly make it yield a very satisfactory income. And they would furnish to many persons what they sorely need, what they are willing and able to pay for, but what, as matters stand, it seems impossible to get for love or money.

Foreign Correspondence

THE AMERICAN NOTE—MR. CHURCHILL'S RESIGNATION—OXFORD DONS AS PORTERS.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, November 16.

It is impossible to address a letter from England to America and ignore the one subject that leaps into every Englishman's mind when the word "America" is mentioned. The last American note is now dominant in the thoughts of every Briton who ever thinks about America at all. The discussion of it still lingers on in the daily press, and it is in full blast in the weekly and Sunday papers. There prevails undoubtedly a feeling of soreness at the somewhat brusque tone of the note, an uneasy sense that it ignores the higher justice for the sake of what is at most a minor illegality. We feel pretty strongly that the question involved is, at bottom, really one of policy rather than of law, though we do not doubt that our own jurists will be quite able to answer Mr. Lansing on his own chosen ground. We are, it is true, making a breach with the *practice* of the past, but we feel that this breach has to do with the letter rather than the spirit of the law. The contents of the note seem practically to amount to a demand that (for reasons that do not meet here with any immediate or universal assent) Great Britain and her allies should divest themselves of a very large part of the advantages they derive in this war from their superior naval force. And we find it almost inconceivable that any responsible American statesman is likely to press a point that will so inevitably and so seriously militate to the advantage of Germany. The real friendship and community of interests between the United States and Great Britain have foundations too deep to be seriously shaken by this passing divergence of opinion.

After all, this war must be regarded in its widest aspects. The question is, who ought to win, or rather (in this connection) who does America think ought to win? An absolute neutrality, in thought and speech as well as in action, based on merely technical grounds, seems to be becoming more and more impossible. The torpedoing of the Ancona and other passenger ships in the Mediterranean Sea is considered here to be utterly inconsistent with both the spirit and the letter of Germany's compact with the United States. The suggestion that any material difference exists because these acts were committed under the Austrian flag seems unworthy of consideration. *Qui facit per alium facit per se*. It is unreasonable to suppose that the enormously predominant member of the partnership of the Central States cannot and does not dictate the military and naval policy of her ally. Moreover, it is still less reasonable to argue that Germany could dodge her obligations to America simply by lowering her own flag and hoisting that of Austria on all her submarines, or by making over her entire submarine fleet to Austria. Germany is not yet "at war" with Italy; and her own doctrine of the freedom of the seas would logically demand a protest on her part against this treatment of a country that is still, so far as she is concerned, a neutral.

The not wholly unexpected resignation of Mr. Churchill has been received by many people with a certain sense of relief. They do not forget his ante-bellum services to the navy (nor the fact that he had a pretty good basis to start with when he took office), but they also remember that his name has, rightly or wrongly, been popularly associated with the most disastrous episodes of the war. Moreover, no man of decent taste ever really liked the somewhat intemperate epithets which Mr. Churchill applied to our opponents. His rash and luckless prophecies at Dundee and Manchester have also to be taken into account. All due weight has been attached to Mr. Asquith's generous defence of Mr. Churchill, but the assurances that anything that appears doubtful as to his influence on warlike operations will hereafter be amply vindicated rather tend to evoke a somewhat cynical attitude as to future rehabilitations of this kind. It is only fair to state that there are also many people, including some of great weight and judgment, who consider that the Ministry is distinctly weakened by the loss of Mr. Churchill. This is, for instance, the position of the *Observer*, which considers he would have been successful both at Antwerp and in the Dardanelles if he had been properly backed up by the Government and War Office. Perhaps the real truth is that his disappearance from the Cabinet has been received by the great body of the people with an indifference, or at least a composure, that a few months ago one would hardly have thought possible in the case of so insistent and enterprising a personality.

Since the above was written Mr. Churchill has addressed the House of Commons on the subject of his resignation. The speech was a good one, and may frankly be admitted as clearing Mr. Churchill from some of the baseless suspicions that had been hovering round his head. On the whole, however, it was not of a character to diminish the relief of those who felt that it was just as well he went; and the feeling of regret at his personal attacks on one or two of his colleagues seems fairly universal.

A striking little postscript to my recent letter on Oxford was witnessed the other day at Didcot, a busy but rather uninteresting railway junction about ten miles from the University. The War Office recently decided to station a large storage warehouse at Didcot, and acres of sheds were in due course erected. The amount of stores of all kinds that arrived to fill these sheds, however, soon attained dimensions that baffled the utmost efforts of the detachment of soldiers in charge, and long lines of loaded freight-cars blocked up all the adjacent tracks. In despair, the officer in command issued an appeal for help to the authorities of Oxford University. The immediate result was an influx of dons, citizens, and undergraduates, which, aided by contingents from neighboring villages, attained a maximum number of 3,000 willing, if somewhat amateurish, unloaders, porters, and packers. The episode is significant of the amount of useful voluntary work at the disposal of the Government, whenever the barriers of red tape are let down for a moment. It is interesting, too, as the *Times* points out, to notice the contrast between this outburst of academic hewing of wood and drawing of water with the somewhat artificial experiments in road-making by undergraduates, inaugurated by Ruskin in the early seventies. The orderly and effective character of the work

was mainly due to the fact that it was done by citizens organized as members of the Volunteer Training Corps, described in the *Nation* for November 4.

FRENCH SOCIALISM AND PEACE—REPUDIATION OF THE BERNE CONFERENCE.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, November 15.

One reason why French Socialists, in the present war, need watching—and explaining—is that many neutrals and some Frenchmen first overrate their importance, and then string their own legends to their label. The French Unified Socialists, that is, the organized political party of Jaurès, long since notified their sympathizers in other countries that they could consider any revival of Internationalism only after the war when peace should reign at last. From this decision German Socialists have more than once made a clamorous appeal, declaring that the International cause is an essential of Socialism and must and shall be taken up here and now, with war still on, in some neutral town, with Socialists of the belligerent nations sitting side by side in conference.

To each pressing invitation French Socialists have all along shown the same deliberate aversion as their brother Frenchmen who belonged to peace societies before the war show to repeated efforts to involve them in obscure intrigues for a disloyal peace, premature and "pro-German." When the new Government took power, the spokesman of Unified Socialists in Parliament, Renaudel, though exasperating his colleagues by what were thought unnecessary and out-of-place remarks about the conditions of final peace, declared earnestly his party's entire solidarity with Prime Minister Briand's formula that all must fight to the end for "Peace with Victory!" The Prime Minister, himself sitting in Parliament as an independent Socialist, remarked pleasantly that Socialists deserve all the more credit for their stalwart acceptance of war inasmuch as it is less in harmony with their principles.

It is certainly a gross mistake to suppose that French Socialists have manifested the least willingness even to confer with the invaders of their country or with neutrals concerning a hypothetical peace. Such errors may render the best-intentioned neutrals utterly inapt to talk of peace with those who are waging war to save their lives.

The latest pro-German intrigue of this kind, intended to compromise a responsible part of the French people by the irresponsible action of isolated individuals unsuspecting whither they are being led, has called forth this week the peremptory and unreserved condemnation of all the authorized representatives of French Socialism. With blood and life itself, the rank and file of Socialists are giving at the front the lie to such intrigues. It is the same with French women whom, after the failure of the Hague Conference, it is again sought to compromise in Switzerland.

Under the name of the Conference of Berne—it was really held at Zimmerwald—after "diplomatic missions," it was found possible to get together members of the Socialist Internationale, which existed before the war, from England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, the Balkan states, Holland, and Switzer-

land, and to induce them to sign a declaration repudiating the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and also any annexations when war shall be over—and to talk vaguely of peace, which all men and women desire, but not at the price which is worse than death. The delegate of the Italian "official" Socialists, while protesting the patriotism of his party, explained their action: "We have not lost our confidence in the Internationale. We wish it to take its way again with decision, and that it should be a living and influential force at the moment when the European conflict has an end." The two Frenchmen who signed were delegates of themselves only.

The authorized spokesmen of French Socialists—"French Section of the Labor Internationale"—have at once officially repudiated the whole proceeding by a unanimous vote. They are such men as Jules Guesde, the organizer of the Socialist party in France; Renaudel, who more or less takes the place of Jaurès; Vaillant, who is a patriarch of the old Internationale and Paris Commune; Gustave Hervé, independent; Bracke, Syndicalist, and so on. "The National Council has said and the permanent administrative commission repeats with it—The struggle imposed on the Allies by the leaders of Germany must be carried on to its natural end, that is, to the defeat of German militarism, to give the world the great and necessary lesson of attempted hegemony broken by the resistance of free peoples. And it invites all Socialist sections to avoid even the appearance of a propaganda to the contrary."

In the sudden transformation of national politics wrought by the war, it is clear that surprised politicians of every party will try to save what they can of their old union and power and will look out eagerly to keep what they can when war is over. Political faith and ambition equally demand this. No wonder that Socialists, like the rest, should try to rescue the fragments of their shattered Internationalism—for future use. In the same way, Radicals do their best to retain as much as possible of the political predominance which long years of bitter struggle had won them in France.

French pacifists of other days are now waging war as strenuously as the others—with the possible exception of Romain Rolland—that they may have true and final peace. Even Romain Rolland, from his doubtfully patriotic residence in neutral Switzerland, was one of the first to hurl the epithet of "Huns!" at the invaders of Belgium, just as the most International of Socialists unite in crying that there can be no peace until "Prussian militarism" is beaten out of existence. An event of the month has been Paul Hyacinthe-Loyson's appeal to Romain Rolland to come down from cold Tolstoyan Alpine peaks and show that he sides with his own flesh and blood in this war, where nations perhaps, but surely no human soul, can remain neutral.

If we take the rank and file of Socialist voters, those who do not speak but yield confidently to the label because such is human nature, there is perhaps no more national part of the French people. Even the inner nucleus of Syndicalists have never, in spite of cruel legends to the contrary, separated themselves from their brother Frenchmen in the hour of need.

Three months ago I had occasion to put into plain English a few verses from the *Bataille Syndicaliste* (see *Nation* of August 26, "War Song of French Workmen"), as "giving an

impression of the force beyond words which animates all classes in France." They concerned the dreaded winter campaign, which is now a reality.

The day that Germany opened up the abyss,
One and one only word, peaceful, sublime,
Was spoken by the one-minded people:
It must be.

Dear workmen, put off your hope
To do away with hunger and suffering;
It must be.

Yes, your flesh bleeds and your heart eats itself away,
But you will hold out one year more,
If it must be.

The author, Raphael Périé, volunteered forty-five years ago, on the fifth of September with the dawn of the new republic, in the army that fought through the dreary winter against the German invader of that day. He writes now to say: "I feel the need of telling you what satisfaction I have experienced to see the poem's intention so well understood. I assure you of my cordial sympathy as with those who are generous friends of France and of the universal people."

He who, in this war, recognizes Prussian militarism as the consistent enemy of the people of all countries, not of France alone, but of neutral nations and Germany, too, has the truth in him.

One of the most conspicuous foreign correspondents in Paris, before the war, whose letters in a Vienna paper had long made him obnoxious, has lately boasted from that city to which events have relegated him: "Two days after peace is proclaimed, I shall walk the Paris boulevards just as I did before!"

Time may tell if this is a survival of the illusion which made the German peoples dare to undertake this war. The military attaché of a neutral Power, who has seen the war at the front and among the French people at home, and who is many years younger than myself, spoke to me yesterday of such relations of man to man among the warring peoples when war shall be over: "It will not be in your time—and not in mine!"

Only time can tell, but it must not be taken for granted that so persistently hostile a feeling will be due to any desire of individual revenge for individual suffering. It is only human nature that such feeling should exist. Emile Verhaeren, through whose human poetry one would have thought the whole scale of emotion had already been run, says now sadly and with affright: "I had never known the feeling of hate before!"

In the old religion there was a formula by way of becoming antiquated—"Love your neighbor as yourself!"—even if he be a Samaritan. At the midnight mass of Christmas a year ago, in a French town held by the invaders, a lady of the place who had lost her all and seen her sons one after the other fall victims was disturbed where she was kneeling by a half-dozen Bavarian soldiers coming into the little chapel and kneeling awkwardly beside her. She did not draw aside her black skirts. It may be doubted if the new substitutes of religion, like Socialism and Pacifism, will work men and women up to another heroism, greater than that of the man who storms cities.

In any case, it would be a pity that words of French Socialists taken from their setting of place and time, and that feelings suspected in them by outsiders should be able to bolster up fallacious hopes of a peace which, to all Frenchmen, would be, indeed—

For the sake of life, to lose the reason of living!

The Naturalism of Mr. Dreiser

By STUART P. SHERMAN.

The layman who listens reverently to the reviewers discussing the new novels and to the novelists discussing themselves can hardly escape persuasion that a great change has rather recently taken place in the spirit of the age, in the literature which reflects it, and in the criticism which judges it. The nature of the supposed revolution may be briefly summarized.

The elder generation was in love with illusions, and looked at truth through a glass darkly and timorously. The artist, tongue-tied by authority and trammelled by æsthetic and moral conventions, selected, suppressed, and rearranged the data of experience and observation. The critic, "morally subsidized," regularly professed his disdain for a work of art in which no light glimmered above "the good and the beautiful."

The present age is fearless and is freeing itself from illusions. Now, for the first time in history, men are facing unabashed the facts of life. "Death or life," we cry, "give us only reality!" Now, for the first time in the history of English literature, fiction is become a flawless mirror held up to the living world. Rejecting nothing, altering nothing, it presents to us—let us take our terms from the bright lexicon of the reviewer—a "transcript," a "cross-section," a "slice," a "photographic" or "cinematographic" reproduction of life. The critic who keeps pace with the movement no longer asks whether the artist has created beauty or glorified goodness, but merely whether he has told the truth.

Mr. Dreiser, in his latest novel, describes a canvas by a painter of this austere modern school: "Raw reds, raw greens, dirty gray paving stones—such faces! Why, this thing fairly shouted its facts. It seemed to say: 'I'm dirty, I am commonplace, I am grim, I am shabby, but I am life.' And there was no apologizing for anything in it, no glossing anything over. Bang! Smash! Crack! came the facts one after another, with a bitter, brutal insistence on their so-ness." If you do not like what is in the picture, you are to be crushed by the retort that perhaps you do not like what is in life. Perhaps you have not the courage to confront reality. Perhaps you had better read the chromatic fairy-tales with the children. Men of sterner stuff exclaim, like the critic in this novel, "Thank God for a realist!"

Mr. Dreiser is a novelist of the new school, for whom we have been invited off and on these fourteen years to thank God—a form of speech, by the way, which crept into the language before the dawn of modern realism. He has performed with words what his hero performed with paint. He has presented the facts of life "one after another with a bitter, brutal insistence on their so-ness," which marks him as a "man of the hour," a "por-

tent"—the successor of Mr. Howells and Mr. James. In the case of a realist, biographical details are always relevant. Mr. Dreiser was born of German-American parents in Terre Haute, Indiana, in 1871. He was educated in the Indiana public schools and at the State University. He was engaged in newspaper work in Chicago, St. Louis, New York, and elsewhere, from 1892 to 1910. He has laid reality bare for us in five novels published as follows: "Sister Carrie," 1901; "Jennie Gerhardt," 1911; "The Financier," 1912; "The Titan," 1914; and "The Genius," 1915. These five works constitute a singularly homogeneous mass of fiction. I do not find any moral value in them, nor any memorable beauty—of their truth I shall speak later; but I am greatly impressed by them as serious representatives of a new note in American literature, coming from that "ethnic" element of our mixed population which, as we are assured by competent authorities, is to redeem us from Puritanism and insure our artistic salvation. They abundantly illustrate, furthermore, the methods and intentions of our recent courageous, veracious realism. Before we thank God for it, let us consider a little more closely what is offered us.

I.

The first step towards the definition of Mr. Dreiser's special contribution is to blow away the dust with which the exponents of the new realism seek to becloud the perceptions of our "reverent layman." In their main pretensions, there are large elements of conscious and unconscious sham.

It should clear the air to say that courage in facing and veracity in reporting the facts of life are no more characteristic of Theodore Dreiser than of John Bunyan. These moral traits are not the peculiar marks of the new school; they are marks common to every great movement of literature within the memory of man. Each literary generation detaching itself from its predecessor—whether it has called its own movement Classical or Romantic or what not—has revolted in the interest of what it took to be a more adequate representation of reality. No one who is not drunken with the egotism of the hour, no one who has penetrated with sober senses into the spirit of any historical period anterior to his own, will fall into the indecency of declaring his own age preëminent in the desire to see and to tell the truth. The real distinction between one generation and another is in the thing which each takes for its master truth—in the thing which each recognizes as the essential reality for it. The difference between Bunyan and Dreiser is in the order of facts which each reports.

It seems necessary also to declare at periodic intervals that there is no such thing as a "cross-section" or "slice" or "photograph" of life in art—least of all in the realistic novel. The use of these catchwords is but a clever hypnotizing pass of the artist, employed to win the assent of the reader to the reality of the show, and, in some cases, to evade moral responsibility for any

questionable features of the exhibition. A realistic novel no more than any other kind of a novel can escape being a composition, involving preconception, imagination, and divination. Yet, hearing one of our new realists expound his doctrine, you might suppose that writing a novel was a process analogous to photographing wild animals in their habitat by trap and flashlight. He, if you will believe him, does not invite his subjects, nor group them, nor compose their features, nor furnish their setting. He but exposes the sensitized plate of his mind. The pomp of life goes by, and springs the trap. The picture, of course, does not teach nor preach nor moralize. It simply re-presents. The only serious objection to this figurative explanation of the artistic process is the utter dissimilarity between the blank impartial photographic plate, commemorating everything that confronts it, and the crowded inveterately selective human mind, which, like a magnet, snatches the facts of life that are subject to its influence out of their casual order and redispenses them in a pattern of its own.

In the case of any specified novelist, the facts chosen and the pattern assumed by them are determined by his central theory or "philosophy of life"; and this is precisely criticism's justification for inquiring into the adequacy of any novelist's general ideas. In vain, the new realist throws up his hands with protestations of innocence, and cries: "Search me. I carry no concealed weapons. I run life into no preconceived mould. I have no philosophy. My business is only to observe, like a man of science, and to record what I have seen." He cannot observe without a theory, nor record his observations without betraying it to any critical eye.

As it happens, the man of science who most profoundly influenced the development of the new realistic novel—Charles Darwin—more candid than the writers of "scientific" fiction—frankly declared that he could not observe without a theory. When he had tentatively formulated a general law, and had begun definitely to look for evidence of its operation, then first the substantiating facts leaped abundantly into his vision. His "Origin of Species" has the unity of a work of art, because the recorded observations support a thesis. The French novelists who in the last century developed the novel of contemporary life learned as much, perhaps, from Darwin's art as from his science. Balzac emphasized the relation between man and his social *milieu*; the Goncourts emphasized the importance of extensive collection of "human documents"; Zola emphasized the value of scientific hypotheses. He deliberately adopted the materialistic philosophy of the period as his guide in observation and as his unifying principle in composition. His theory of the causes of social phenomena, which was derived largely from medical treatises, operated like a powerful magnet among the chaotic facts of life, rejecting some, selecting others, and redispersing them in the pattern of the

roman naturaliste. Judicious French critics said: "My dear man," or words to that effect, "your representations of life are inadequate. This which you are offering us with so earnest an air is not reality. It is your own private nightmare." When they had exposed his theory, they had condemned his art.

Let us, then, dismiss Mr. Dreiser's untenable claims to superior courage and veracity of intention, the photographic transcript, and the unbiassed service of truth; and let us seek for his definition in his general theory of life, in the order of facts which he records, and in the pattern of his representations.

II.

The impressive unity of effect produced by Mr. Dreiser's five novels is due to the fact that they are all illustrations of a crude and naïvely simple naturalistic philosophy, such as we find in the mouths of exponents of the new *Real-Politik*. Each book, with its bewildering masses of detail, is a ferocious argument in behalf of a few brutal generalizations. To the eye cleared of illusions it appears that the ordered life which we call civilization does not really exist except on paper. In reality our so-called society is a jungle in which the struggle for existence continues, and must continue, on terms substantially unaltered by legal, moral, or social conventions. The central truth about man is that he is an animal amenable to no law but the law of his own temperament, doing as he desires, subject only to the limitations of his power. The male of the species is characterized by cupidity, pugnacity, and a simian inclination for the other sex. The female is a soft, vain, pleasure-seeking creature, devoted to personal adornment, and quite helplessly susceptible to the flattery of the male. In the struggles which arise in the jungle through the conflicting appetites of its denizens, the victory goes to the animal most physically fit and mentally ruthless, unless the weaklings, resisting absorption, combine against him and crush him by sheer force of numbers.

The idea that civilization is a sham Mr. Dreiser sometimes sets forth explicitly, and sometimes he conveys it by the process known among journalists as "coloring the news." When Sister Carrie yields to the seductive drummer, Drouet, Mr. Dreiser judiciously weighs the advantages and disadvantages attendant on the condition of being a well-kept mistress. When the institution of marriage is brushed aside by the heroine of "The Financier," he comments "editorially" as follows: "Before Christianity was man, and after it will also be. A metaphysical idealism will always tell him that it is better to preserve a cleanly balance, and the storms of circumstance will teach him a noble stoicism. Beyond this there is nothing which can reasonably be imposed upon the conscience of man." A little later in the same book he says: "Is there no law outside of the subtle will and the power to

achieve? If not, it is surely high time that we knew it—one and all. We might then agree to do as we do; but there would be no silly illusion as to divine regulation." His own answer to the question, his own valuation of regulation, both divine and human, may be found in the innumerable contemptuous epithets which fall from his pen whenever he has occasion to mention any power set up against the urge of instinct and the indefinite expansion of desire. Righteousness is always "legal"; conventions are always "current"; routine is always "dull"; respectability is always "unctuous"; an institution for transforming schoolgirls into young ladies is presided over by "owl-like conventionalists"; families in which parents are faithful to each other lead an "apple-pie order of existence"; a man who yields to his impulses yet condemns himself for yielding is a "rag-bag moralistic ass." Jennie Gerhardt, by a facile surrender of her chastity, shows that "she could not be readily corrupted by the world's selfish lessons on how to preserve oneself from the evil to come." Surely, this is "coloring the news."

By similar devices Mr. Dreiser drives home the great truth that man is essentially an animal, impelled by temperament, instinct, physics, chemistry—anything you please that is irrational and uncontrollable. Sometimes he writes an "editorial" paragraph in which the laws of human life are explained by reference to the behavior of certain protozoa or by reference to a squid and a lobster fighting in an aquarium. His heroes and heroines have "cat-like eyes," "feline grace," "sinuous strides," eyes and jaws which vary "from those of the tiger, lynx, and bear to those of the fox, the tolerant mastiff, and the surly bulldog." One hero and his mistress are said to "have run together temperamentally like two leopards." The lady in question, admiring the large rapacity of her mate, exclaims playfully: "Oh, you big tiger! You great, big lion! Boo!" Courtship as presented in these novels is after the manner of beasts in the jungle. Mr. Dreiser's leonine men but circle once or twice about their prey, and spring, and pounce; and the struggle is over. A pure-minded serving-maid, who is suddenly held up in the hall by a "hairy, axiomatic" guest and "masterfully" kissed upon the lips, may for an instant be "horrified, stunned, like a bird in the grasp of a cat." But we are always assured that "through it all something tremendously vital and insistent" will be speaking to her, and that in the end she will not resist the urge of the *élan vital*. I recall no one of all the dozens of obliging women in these books who makes any effective resistance when summoned to capitulate. "The psychology of the human animal, when confronted by these tangles, these ripping tides of the heart," says the author of "The Titan," "has little to do with so-called reason or logic." No; as he informs us elsewhere with endless iteration, it is a question of chemistry. It is the "chemistry of her being" which rouses to blazing the ordinarily dormant

forces of Eugene Witla's sympathies in "The Genius." If Stephanie Platow is disloyal to her married lover in "The Titan," "let no one quarrel" with her. Reason: "She was an unstable chemical compound."

Such is the Dreiserian philosophy.

III.

By thus eliminating distinctively human motives and making animal instincts the supreme factors in human life, Mr. Dreiser reduces the problem of the novelist to the lowest possible terms. I find myself unable to go with those who admire the powerful reality of his art while deploring the puerility of his philosophy. His philosophy quite excludes him from the field in which a great realist must work. He has deliberately rejected the novelist's supreme task—understanding and presenting the development of character; he has chosen only to illustrate the unrestricted flow of temperament. He has evaded the enterprise of representing human conduct; he has confined himself to a representation of animal behavior. He demands for the demonstration of his theory a moral vacuum from which the obligations of parenthood, marriage, chivalry, and citizenship have been quite withdrawn or locked in a twilight sleep. At each critical moment in his narrative, where a realist like George Eliot or Thackeray or Trollope or Meredith would be asking how a given individual would feel, think, and act under the manifold combined stresses of organized society, Mr. Dreiser sinks supinely back upon the law of the jungle or mutters his mystical gibberish about an alteration of the chemical formula.

The possibility of making the unvarying victoriousness of jungle-motive plausible depends directly upon the suppression of the evidence of other motives. In this work of suppression Mr. Dreiser simplifies American life almost beyond recognition. Whether it is because he comes from Indiana, or whether it is because he steadily envisages the human animal, I cannot say; I can only note that he never speaks of his men and women as "educated" or "brought up." Whatever their social status, they are invariably "raised." Raising human stock in America evidently includes feeding and clothing it, but does not include the inculcation of even the most elementary moral ideas. Hence Mr. Dreiser's field seems curiously outside American society. Yet he repeatedly informs us that his persons are typical of the American middle class, and three of the leading figures, to judge from their names—Carrie Meeber, Jennie Gerhardt, and Eugene Witla—are of our most highly "cultured" race. Frank Cowperwood, the hero of two novels, is a hawk of finance and a rake almost from the cradle; but of the powers which presided over his cradle we know nothing save that his father was a competent official in a Philadelphia bank. What, if anything, Carrie Meeber's typical American parents taught her about the conduct of life is suppressed; for we meet the girl in a train to Chicago, on which she falls to the

first drummer who accosts her. Eugene Witla emerges in his teens from the bosom of a typical middle-class American family—with a knowledge of the game called "post office," takes the train for Chicago, and without hesitation enters upon his long career of seduction. Jennie Gerhardt, of course, succumbs to the first man who puts his arm around her; but, in certain respects, her case is exceptional.

In the novel "Jennie Gerhardt" Mr. Dreiser ventures a disastrous experiment at making the jungle-motive plausible without suppressing the evidence of other motives. He provides the girl with pious Lutheran parents, of fallen fortune, but alleged to be of sterling character, who "raise" her with the utmost strictness. He even admits that the family were church-goers, and he outlines the doctrine preached by Pastor Wundt: right conduct in marriage and absolute innocence before that state, essentials of Christian living; no salvation for a daughter who failed to keep her chastity unstained or for the parents who permitted her to fall; Hell yawning for all such; God angry with sinners every day. "Gerhardt and his wife, and also Jennie," says Mr. Dreiser, "accepted the doctrines of their church without reserve." Twenty pages later Jennie is represented as yielding her virtue in pure gratitude to a man of fifty, Senator Brander, who has let her do his laundry and in other ways has been kind to her and to her family. The Senator suddenly dies; Jennie expects to become a mother; Father Gerhardt is broken-hearted, and the family moves from Columbus to Cleveland. This first episode is not incredibly presented as a momentary triumph of emotional impulse over training—as an "accident." The incredible appears when Mr. Dreiser insists that an accident of this sort to a girl brought up *under the conditions stated* is not necessarily followed by any sense of sin or shame or regret. Upon this simple pious Lutheran he imposes his own naturalistic philosophy, and, in analyzing her psychology before the birth of her illegitimate child, pretends that she looks forward to the event "without a murmur," with "serene, unflinching courage," "the marvel of life holding her in trance," with "joy and satisfaction," seeing in her state "the immense possibilities of racial fulfillment." This juggling is probably expected to prepare us for her instantaneous assent, perhaps a year later, when a healthy, magnetic manufacturer, who has seen her perhaps a dozen times, claps his paw upon her and says, "You belong to me," and in a perfectly cold-blooded interview proposes the terms on which he will set her up in New York as his mistress. Jennie, who is a fond mother and a dutiful daughter, goes to her pious Lutheran mother and talks the whole matter over with her quite candidly. The mother hesitates—not on Jennie's account, gentle reader, but because she will be obliged to deceive old Gerhardt; "the difficulty of telling this lie was very great for Mrs. Gerhardt"! But she acquiesces at last. "I'll help you out with it," she concludes—

"with a little sigh." The unreality of the whole transaction shrieks.

Mr. Dreiser's stubborn insistence upon the jungle-motive results in a dreary monotony in the form and substance of his novels. Interested only in the description of animal behavior, he constructs his plot in such a way as to exhibit the persistence of two or three elementary instincts through every kind of situation. He finds, for example, a subject in the career of an American captain of industry, thinly disguised under the name of Frank Cowperwood. He has just two things to tell us about Cowperwood: that he has a rapacious appetite for money, and that he has a rapacious appetite for women. In "The Financier" he "documents" those two truths about Cowperwood in seventy-four chapters, in each one of which he shows us how his hero made money or how he captivated women in Philadelphia. Not satisfied with the demonstration, he returns to the same theses in "The Titan," and shows us in sixty-two chapters how the same hero made money and captivated women in Chicago and New York. He promises us a third volume, in which we shall no doubt learn in a work of sixty or seventy chapters—a sort of huge club-sandwich composed of slices of business alternating with erotic episodes—how Frank Cowperwood made money and captivated women in London. Meanwhile Mr. Dreiser has turned aside from his great "trilogy of desire" to give us "The Genius," in which the hero, Witla, alleged to be a great realistic painter, exhibits in 101 chapters, similarly "sandwiched" together, an appetite for women and money indistinguishable from that of Cowperwood. Read one of these novels, and you have read them all. What the hero is in the first chapter, he remains in the hundred-and-first or the hundred-and-thirty-sixth. He acquires naught from his experience but sensations. In the sum of his experiences there is nothing of the impressive mass and coherence of activities bound together by principles and integrated in character, for all his days have been but as isolated beads loosely strung on the thread of his desire. And so after the production of the hundredth document in the case of Frank Cowperwood, one is ready to cry with fatigue: "Hold! Enough! We believe you. Yes, it is very clear that Frank Cowperwood had a rapacious appetite for women and for money."

If at this point you stop and inquire why Mr. Dreiser goes to such great lengths to establish so little, you find yourself once more confronting the jungle-motive. Mr. Dreiser, with a problem similar to De Foe's in "The Apparition of Mrs. Veal," has availed himself of De Foe's method for creating the illusion of reality. The essence of the problem and of the method for both these authors is the certification of the unreal by the irrelevant. If you wish to make acceptable to your reader the incredible notion that Mrs. Veal's ghost appeared to Mrs. Bargrave, divert his incredulity from the precise point at issue by telling him all sorts of detailed credible things about the poverty of Mrs.

Veal's early life, the sobriety of her brother, her father's neglect, and the bad temper of Mrs. Bargrave's husband. If you wish to make acceptable to your reader the incredible notion that Aileen Butler's first breach of the seventh article in the decalogue was "a happy event," taking place "much as a marriage might have," divert his incredulity by describing with the technical accuracy of a fashion magazine not merely the gown that she wore on the night of Cowperwood's reception, but also with equal detail the half-dozen other gowns that she thought she might wear, but did not. If you have been for three years editor-in-chief of the Butterick Publications, you can probably perform this feat with unimpeachable verisimilitude; and having acquired credit for expert knowledge in matters of dress and millinery, you can now and then emit unchallenged a bit of philosophy such as "Life cannot be put in any one mould, and the attempt may as well be abandoned at once. . . . Besides, whether we will or no, theory or no theory, the large basic facts of chemistry and physics remain." None the less, if you expect to gain credence for the notion that your hero can have any woman in Chicago or New York that he puts his paw upon, you had probably better lead up to it by a detailed account of the street-railway system in those cities. It will necessitate the loading of your pages with a tremendous baggage of irrelevant detail. It will not sound much like art. It will sound more like one of Lincoln Steffens's special articles. But it will produce an overwhelming impression of reality, which the reader will carry with him into the next chapter where you are laying bare the "chemistry" of the human animal.

IV.

It would make for clearness in our discussions of contemporary fiction if we withheld the title of "realist" from a writer like Mr. Dreiser, and called him, as Zola called himself, a "naturalist." While asserting that all great art in every period intends a representation of reality, I have tried to indicate the basis for a working distinction between the realistic novel and the naturalistic novel of the present day. Both are representations of the life of man in contemporary or nearly contemporary society, and both are presumably composed of materials within the experience and observation of the author. But a realistic novel is a representation based upon a theory of human conduct. If the theory of human conduct is adequate, the representation constitutes an addition to literature and to social history. A naturalistic novel is a representation based upon a theory of animal behavior. Since a theory of animal behavior can never be an adequate basis for a representation of the life of man in contemporary society, such a representation is an artistic blunder. When half the world attempts to assert such a theory, the other half rises in battle. And so one turns with relief from Mr. Dreiser's novels to the morning papers.

Children's Books

By P. E. M.

The editor of the *Nation* has asked me to write something about children's books, and I, in childlike simplicity (a qualification for the task, I submit), have accepted the proposal! Now, pen in hand, I am tempted to fulfil my obligation by imitating the too famous chapter on snakes in Iceland. For, really, the truth of the matter is about this: that no story is worthy of the child which has not stuff and art enough in it to make it interesting to the adult; and it might not be difficult to show that those have received the best preparation for the great and lasting delights of bookishness who passed their innocent years in a library where no special provision was made for them at all—like Mary and Charles Lamb, “tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading,” or like others who were introduced to the wonderful superworld of the imagination by Pope and Defoe and Spenser.

To confirm my suspicion of current juvenile literature—a suspicion gained from some previous experience—I turned over the books issued for this year's market and picked out the most promising specimen of its class. I took a volume attractive in appearance, written by an author of standing, and published by one of the great houses of the city, a house that lists so few children's books that any such production bearing their imprint may be assumed to have undergone a rigid scrutiny. And this is the sort of thing that I stumbled into:

He sniffed luxuriously. “That's a bully stink!” he said to his companion, with a boy's carelessness to adapt his language to the nature of his thought.

“I'm for a dip right off.”

“To heck with swimming!” was Ormonde's irritable reply. “You want to fool at some darn thing every blessed day; we've not got around the traps for a week.”

“What if we haven't?” Orofino rejoined. “I don't give a rip for the blamed old skins. I'm in this for the fun of it. I'm for a swim, and what's more, I'm going to have one. Don't be yellow. Come along.”

“Hanged if I will!”

“Hanged if I won't!” was the gracious reply. “I'll be with you in a jiffy.”

So far I read—to the second page—and was about to throw the book aside, when my training as an old reviewer bade me go on to the end. Well, I found that the story was not entirely composed of this cheap slang; towards the close it really began to look at some of the sober things of life and to speak English—though the author and publisher between them had not literary conscience enough to make any distinction between “will” and “shall.” But I could not get those first chapters out of my mind; they were so typical of the kind of pabulum we think it fitting to feed our young people on. I remembered, for example, Mr. Owen Johnson's stories of Lawrenceville, which

have been sold in large numbers, and read, and extravagantly praised. Now, I don't know much about Lawrenceville, but I have not altogether forgotten my own school days nor lost all the knowledge of boys that I acquired painfully by trying to teach them, and I have a conviction that the Lawrenceville lads are not quite so thoroughly steeped in vulgarity as Mr. Johnson represents them to be. Certainly, if his is a true picture of school manners and talk to-day, a father who wishes his son to learn the rudiments of decent speech or to acquire any serious sense of responsibility, had better put him into a bank or factory at the earliest possible moment. The boy will get some sort of education knocked into him there; whereas at the Lawrenceville of Mr. Johnson—though I refuse to believe it anything but a parody of the real place—he will learn only to value what he will have to unlearn in the world, if he is lucky, as worse than valueless.

But suppose that boys—and the literature for girls is no better, though its faults may be somewhat different—do actually and habitually use the impoverished language that is given to them in the ruck of books written for their consumption, suppose that their only ideal of existence is the swaggering athlete who adorns so many covers, suppose all you will—and, indeed, I am not regarding priggishness as a common or desirable virtue of youth—I cannot see that this is any justification for contracting their intellectual outlook to these narrow bounds. A certain degree of realism is no doubt necessary. The life portrayed must appear sufficiently close to the facts to create the artistic illusion of reality; the problem of juvenile literature is no different in this respect from that of adult literature. But if the language of the child's reading is not a little raised above his own daily habit, and perhaps above the level of his home, where is he to learn to talk as gentlemen and ladies were once, and really still are, expected to talk? His Latin and algebra are not going to prevail against the vulgarizing influence of his pleasures. He will come to college, as every instructor in English tells us our boys are coming, with a grotesquely impoverished vocabulary, with no sense of style for practical or aesthetic purposes, and no power of self-expression. At college you will see him in his club before a table spread with all the cheap magazines, but you will be lucky if you ever see a book in his hands except for required reading; and he will leave college in about the same state of innocence.

This whole practice of writing down to the supposed level of the child or youth is mistaken. The fact is that boys and girls, like their parents, will, if left to themselves, probably take the line of least resistance; in most cases they will, if the book that requires no effort is laid before them, read it, and let the volume that demands some tightening up of the mind lie unopened. But that is the very reason such books should, so far as possible, be kept out of their way. And, this done, it is not, as one might

suppose, so difficult to stir their interest in better things; they are, in the average, fairly keen to seize and appropriate any real idea that is presented to them in living form. I cannot forget my own experience as teacher in an academy. I had a class of young boys in a subject which seemed to me and them little better than a waste of time, and so I used to take that hour to talk with them about all sorts of extraneous matters, being then readier to expound the *omne scibile* than I should be now. Well, it is like enough the information they got from me was more curious than useful; but I at least learned a truth I shall never forget. I learned the capacity of the boy's intellect, his eagerness to think, his willingness to search encyclopædias and other reference books for knowledge if his taste is once fairly whetted. And so I am persuaded—indeed, I have the knowledge from direct experience—that a boy of average parts will read good books with very little provocation, provided only the trash is kept away from him.

And there is another class of children's books which are not only enfeebling in their effect on the mind, but actually perverting in their effect on character. Of this class the most notable example is “Tom Sawyer.” Now, again, I am making no claim for the goody-goody style of the old Sunday-school library, and nobody wishes to see boys comb-ed into prigs. But there is a happy medium in these things, as in all others; and I see no reason in going to the other extreme and praising stories that draw their interest from a contrast between the obedient sneak and coward on the one hand, and on the other the victorious liar, lucky vagabond, cunning rebel to authority, which sums up the character of Mark Twain's hero. I can laugh at the exploits of Tom with anybody, but I do not see any profit—in fact, I see the danger of real mischief—in feeding youth with such an inversion of the facts of life. Why should we go out of our way to encourage traits which are likely to be overstrong without our aid? It is perfectly possible to portray a genuine boy, full of invention, quick with the natural restiveness of youth, yet to lay emphasis on the duty of finding one's self in the obligations of home and the advantages of school. It has been done in the case of another “Tom,” who was no milk-sop, but a vigorous young animal struggling up to the large responsibilities of life.

If I am correct in my belief that the vast bulk of the books published for children are feeble things written by persons with a certain touch of cleverness, but with no style or art or serious knowledge of the world, or, if not silly, then actually pernicious, what shall the prospective buyer of presents, whether parent or aunt or sister or cousin, do at this season? Well, there are a few admirable and well-tried books for children—the famous “Tom Brown,” “Ranald Bannerman” (an exquisitely beautiful story, which can be read a hundred times), Lamb's “Tales,” Miss Mulock's “Fairly Tales” (incomparably the best of that class), Miss Edgeworth's stories (old-fashioned, per-

haps, and needing a little persuasion at the start, but essentially sound and fine), Miss Alcott's "Little Women" and its companions, and others, not many, which are known to everybody. The child who misses these, as his age prepares him for one and the other, has been cheated of one of his prescriptive rights. But of any new volumes flaming on the counter with extravagantly pictured covers, it is pretty safe to go on the basis that they are rubbish, or worse. There could be no harm done in keeping the whole lot of these productions out of the house. Unless one has certain knowledge of the quality of a particular book, one buys at a risk. If the good books designed primarily for children are few in number and soon read, so much the better. Then, with a little sacrifice of time on the parent's part, the boy or girl might be tempted by the great things written for men and women, the things so great and pure and comprehensive that the young reader will find himself, the better part of himself, in them, as surely as will the mature mind. And, if a child could not be brought to enjoy the real books, there would at least be a hundred employments better for him than the debauchery of foolish reading.

All this, I admit, is counsel of perfection. Do what we will, the rubbish will drift into the house from every side; but, at least, we need not add to the stream, and we can, by checking here a little and balancing it there, do what is possible to minimize its debilitating influence.

Poetry

HADRIAN'S LAMENT.

By WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

*"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?"**

Thus the haughty Emperor wrote.
Fear had clutched him by the throat
As he viewed his coming change,
Faced the journey long and strange
Into unknown realms afar,
Gloom beyond the utmost star;
Where, perchance, with waters dun,
Rolled the Styx and Phlegethon;
Where the shades of foe and friend
Waited dumbly to extend
Ghastly hands, to greet or rend:
Or where, exiled from his throne,
Grim, unsceptred and alone,
He should glide, a wraith unknown.

*This fragment is all that remains, positively identified, of the purely literary writings of the Emperor Hadrian.

"Speak, thou vagrant soul of mine,
Guest and comrade so benign
On this body once bestowed:
As thou seek'st a new abode,
Sombre, desolate and drear,
Hast thou lost thy wonted cheer?"

Thus, his tablet loosely clasping,
Thus, his stylus feebly grasping,
Emperor but till set of sun,
Wrote the dying Hadrian.

Cormorant Fishing

Several cormorants have recently been received at the New York Zoölogical Park, of the species which is widely spread over Europe and northern Asia, and which the Chinese have trained to fish for them. Onions and peanuts are admirable as direct sustenance, and fish is an item which we should sorely miss from our bills of fare. But an eater of fish—or of onions or peanuts—is a thing apart, something not to be discussed. I have eaten cormorant when hunger was extreme and nothing else offered, and par-boiled for many hours, it proved edible; but so would bark or shoe leather. The flesh and the eggs of the cormorant possess all the unpleasant qualities of piscine memories, the result of untold generations of a fish diet.

It has remained for the patient devising of the Chinese to render this association of a cormorant and its prey of the utmost use to themselves. Their method is ingenious. It is an *à priori* analysis of the bird and its food; a segregation of the still living diet; a dissociation effected just at the moment before the accomplishment of the age-old synthesis of bird and fish.

The cormorant, Yu ying, is robbed of its greenish, ill-flavored eggs, six of them being placed beneath a long suffering hen. For a month thereafter Nature performs her ever more wonderful trick of changing a formless mass of fishy yolk into a living, breathing cormorant. This newly hatched cormorant deserves its name, however, only by courtesy of our certain knowledge of its parents. It brings strongly to mind not the reptilian, but the infinitely more distant vermian ancestry of birds. Before the shock of discovery has unsettled the mind of the foster parent, the naked squirming things are removed to baskets of cotton wool and the care of a China woman. For another month these changelings are fed to repletion on bean curd and the chopped up raw flesh of eels, a diet which appears to contain surprising qualities, for the alchemy of the little stomach transforms it into flesh and feathers. After two months of care and food the birds are taken to market, where they bring a dollar apiece if they are males, the weaker sex commanding only half this price.

Tucked under the arm of the purchaser, the half-grown cormorant is carried wonderingly to its new home, where its training is

at once begun. A string is tied to one leg, and in company with its fellows it is fastened to a peg on the bank of a stream. At the sound of a peculiar whistle the birds are rudely pushed off into the water by means of a bamboo pole. Small fish are thrown to them, which they eagerly devour, as they have been kept upon short rations. They are now recalled by a different whistle, their ignorance and desire for more fish being overcome by a vigorous hauling in of the line. As the days pass, the bamboo and the tether are less needed, and within a month the line of comical birds will plunge instantly at the sound of the first whistle, and clamber out with all awkward speed when they hear the recall. They are now taken out on boats and the training continued for another month. Life moves slowly in the Celestial Land, and a month, more or less, means as little to the master as to the birds.

As the period of training wanes, the individuality of the cormorants becomes apparent. At first, sitting side by side upon the gunwale of the punt, black of feather, with yellow beaks and jewelled emerald eyes, they might well be one bird and a dozen shadows. In every plume, in every motion, they appear identical. But the teaching denies this democracy. One or two are stupid and slow. They either are overmastered by their love of the water, or they may not have a good ear and so fail to differentiate the whistles. Their stupidity gains them freedom, and they are carried far away and liberated. But, as at times in human life, the excellence of the others makes assured their shackles. If one or more well-trained birds are kept at work with the young ones, the period of education is shortened one-half.

At last they are ready for their destined work. They are docile as dogs and flutter with eagerness as they are allowed to scramble up the side of the punt. Each neck is encircled with a hempen necklace, the only proof that they are not at full liberty. This is to remove further temptation in case a cormorant's memory of his duty becomes clouded by the desire to swallow his catch. Twelve pairs of wonderful eyes watch the master as he poles out to the fishing grounds. Fish may swim past on the very surface, and the birds will fairly quiver with eagerness, but not one dives until he hears the whistle. Then all disappear as one bird, amid a frantic splashing. A minute passes and a cormorant bobs up to the surface with a big fish twisting and wriggling in its hooked beak. Sturdily the bird swims towards the boat, low in the water from the weight of his catch, and reaching the shadow of the punt, he raises his beak as high as he can and delivers up his prey to his master. Then, with a flutter of wings and swift preening of feathers, down he dives again. Now and then two birds have to unite in holding a fish of unusually large size. The coöperation is automatic and effective.

After two or three hours of fishing, the birds are allowed to rest. The master helps them to come on board and removes their hempen band. Then he feeds them gener-

ously with small fish and bean curd, and caresses them. For there seems to exist a real attachment between the two, aside from the material bond which has thrown their lives together. At night the birds are carefully caged in or near the master's house. Birds which are not overworked and which are well-fed render efficient service for five years, at the end of which time they cease to moult and death soon follows. A strong, well-trained bird is valued at six or seven dollars, but owing to the difficulty and the length of time for training it is seldom that a cormorant fisherman can be persuaded to part with any of his birds.

In his daily dress and life the Chinaman is detached from all the world. He demands as little from his fellow-men as he distantly resembles them. But when, in the dim light of late afternoon, we see a cormorant fisher in the distance—a quaint, blue-robed being, surrounded, obeyed, obsessed by his swarthy feathered servants—he indeed seems the figment of a Gulliver's brain; a symbol of originality, of infinite patience, of complete worldly detachment.

WILL BEEBE.

With the Poets

OSCAR WILDE, CAMMAERTS, VERHAEREN, AND OTHERS.

The Works of Oscar Wilde. Ravenna Edition. 13 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 per volume.

War Poems and Other Translations. By Lord Curzon of Kedleston. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.

Belgian Poems. By Emile Cammaerts. Translated by Tita Brand-Cammaerts. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.

Belgium's Agony. By Emile Verhaeren. Translated by M. T. H. Sadler. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

The Witch-Maid and Other Verses. By Dorothea MacKellar. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1 net.

Dreams and Realities. By W. K. Fleming. London: Erskine Macdonald.

Peace Sonnets. By Jessie Wiseman Gibbs. Published by the Author: Villisca, Iowa.

Visions of the Dusk. By Fenton Johnson. Published by the Author: New York.

Processionals. By John Curtis Underwood. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1 net.

The praiseworthy enterprise of the Messrs. Putnam in supplying America with an edition of the works of Oscar Wilde apt for the hand and accessible to the purse has furnished the reviewer with an excuse for the re-perusal of the verse-compositions of that unforgettable and ill-starred man. From the later and cooler survey, three impressions emerge: that Wilde in poetry was little but a metrist, that his metre was superb, and that its orthodoxy paralleled its merit.

The matter of these poems is tenuous;

on that point one's early judgment is inexorably firm. Wilde grew in his way, underwent an evolution of a kind, the profile of an evolution, a development in silhouette, if the terms may be allowed. From his juvenile experiments he rose to narrative (of a sort) in "Charmides," to philosophy (of a sort) in "Humanitad," to passion and realism (of a sort) in "Reading Gaol." But until the last crisis, this evolution of a literary faculty is itself hardly more than literature, and even the famous "Reading Gaol" does not quite silence the persistent question whether the *danseuse* has really turned Piagnone or whether her conversion is only the culminating stroke in the last wild act of her enthralling vaudeville. It is a most significant circumstance that the most far-sought and artificial of Wilde's poems, "The Sphinx," should be the most poetically genuine. The air once exhausted, the poet actually breathes.

With Wilde, as with D'Annunzio, sex might seem, at the first blush, to contest with art for the domination of his intelligence. That sex is placarded broadcast on the poems of Oscar Wilde is undeniable, but the exhibit does not tally with the advertisement. The passion is represented under forms whose fantasticality is at once subversive of its power and corrective of its license. We have a carouse, as it were, in bric-à-brac: the most fragile morals are not likely to be deeply imperilled by the glorification of debauchery in a statuette. This last undertaking is not figurative, but literal, in "The Sphinx." One is led to suspect that the exotic preponderated over the carnal in the impulsions which urged this unfortunate man to the sources of his ultimate disaster.

Even as artist, his deficiencies are considerable. He had a singular incapacity for giving his poems shape and contour, solidarity and definition. He hardly wrote a song. In prose he was dramatist, narrator, satirist; yet in poetry we find not drama (unless "Salome" be classed as poetry), nor satire, nor crisp narrative. The poems are inorganic; they are dispensed in "bulk," as a merchant would say. They are a mere unchecked exuberance of stanzas: they prolong the mood which they celebrate in expansive, monotonous forms, as devoid of solidarity as they are notable for adhesiveness.

This indigence of material and formal interest redoubles our admiration for that metrical gift which could animate even these sterilities. Wilde, it is true, never became unimpeachable even in his specialty. He was proud of the ease that could approach the pinnacle at a leap, and proud of the unconcern that forebore the consummating step, that placed the index of mastership in the disdain of perfection. I will pass by the suavity and suppleness of the seductive "Charmides" to call attention to the admirable foreshortening exhibited in poems like "Theocritus: A Villanelle," or the incomparable "Sphinx." I scarcely know of an English poet who equalled Wilde in the

power to divide a stanza into background and foreground, or, shall we say, to make the earlier lines the plate or tablet upon which the syllables of the concluding period are not so much imprinted as incised. Take two examples of this engraving on metal from the "Sphinx":

Dawn follows Dawn and Nights grow old and
all the while this curious cat
Lies crouching on the Chinese mat with eyes
of satin rimmed with gold . . .

And on the summit of the pile the blue-faced
ape of Horus sits
And gibbers while the fig-tree splits the pillars
of the peristyle.

Intellectually, Wilde anticipated our modernist heterodoxies in some points. The tangential view of things, the propensity to stand the universe on its edge rather than its bottom, is a trait owned in common, though the edge on which Wilde sought to balance the tottering cosmos was not symbolic or naturalistic, but classical. It becomes doubly curious, therefore, that this half-precursor of our own tendencies should have united the highest success in metre with the most incontestable metrical orthodoxy. In "Charmides," "Panthea," and the like, Wilde permits himself a closing line of extraordinary length, but, apart from this modest innovation, he displays an almost Pharisaic rigor in his adherence to the inherited dogmas of the straitest sect of the metrical religion. In prosody he is not only orthodox among the sectaries: he is puritan among the orthodox. His metre is rectilinear; he employs old stanzas and established feet; he scarcely permits himself even those substitutions and licenses within the line in behalf of which such principalities and powers as Milton, Tennyson, and Swinburne might have been so easily and triumphantly invoked. The moral is manifest enough. The attitude of power towards instruments is not anxious, but serene; not obsequious, but condescending: it is weakness that glorifies its tools.

I should add that the two new poems, "Désespoir" and "Pan," unlike most posthumous discoveries, are incontestably worthy of publication. Three lines from "Désespoir" cry aloud to be quoted:

Wherefore yon leafless trees will bloom again
And this grey land grow green with summer
rain

And send up cowslips for some boy to mow.

The various translations which have brodered the leisure of a noteworthy career have been collected by Lord Curzon into a volume which he seasonably opens by a handful of English reproductions of contemporary war-verse from the Belgian singer, Emile Cammaerts. With scattered exceptions, the English renderings will cause no reader to bemoan the fact that Lord Curzon has devoted his life to politics; much is mechanical and second-rate, and there are here and there infelicities which a poet in the post of governor-general could hardly have outdone. The range, French, Italian, Latin, Greek, Oriental, would be honorable to the translator, if range in these

matters were an asset separable from quality. The translations of English verse or prose into Latin are impressive in their way; in our unclassical and uncritical America the wonder of doing such things well is hardly distinguishable from the wonder of doing them at all. At the close of this amiable and agile volume, the admirers of Lord Curzon will congratulate themselves that it is his fame which bears up these recreations rather than they his fame.

A translation of a more varied selection from the poems of M. Cammaerts from the pen of his English wife might almost be characterized as the very worst translation that ever deceived a trusting husband or misled a guileless publisher. I have known translations that sacrificed exactness to rhythm, and I have also known translations that sacrificed rhythm to exactness: Madame Cammaerts's volume is the first instance in my experience in which exactness and rhythm have been immolated to each other. M. Cammaerts writes: "Ma lyre tinte d'une corde, mon vers cloche d'un pied." Madame Cammaerts, whose "only purpose has been to follow, as closely as possible, the swing of the French verse," translates with equal faithfulness to prosody and language: "My harp is weak and faintly sings." She adds, with involuntary point: "My verse is uninspired." I will not affirm that the verse of Madame Cammaerts never rises to mediocrity, but, remembering that the proceeds of the volume are to be applied to the purchase of tobacco for the Belgian combatants in the trenches, I cannot but feel that the brand of English translation which Madame Cammaerts supplies to her husband corresponds to those grades of tobacco which ladies are supposed to purchase for the delectation of ungrateful consorts.

Meanwhile, what of M. Cammaerts himself? His poems, in their unviolated state, before they were overrun by Lord Curzon and devastated by his wife, were a sort of Flanders themselves in their rich exuberance and smiling plenty. It is a plenitude characteristic not only of Belgium itself, but of Belgium's two other great prolocutors, Verhaeren and Maeterlinck. The love poems and the Noel verses might be defined as play, charming play, it is true, but illustrative mainly of the gayety and nimbleness of an imagination not yet bonded to the utterance of the rigid truth. In the "Chants Patriotiques" the deeper sincerity is felt, and it is part of the charm of M. Cammaerts and his type that the attainment of seriousness does not involve the relinquishment of gayety. Even after Antwerp, his pride and grief find voice in the scornful "Dansons." It is only just to Lord Curzon and to Madame Cammaerts to record that their remorse finds appropriate expression in the printing of the originals *vis-à-vis* with the English versions—an act which identifies expiation with redress.

I have this month a difficulty in escaping from Belgium, the just retribution possibly of too warm a sympathy with France.

The person who bars my departure at this moment is M. Emile Verhaeren, by right of three original (untranslated) poems inserted in the prose volume, "Belgium's Agony," which a certain M. T. H. Sadler, who veils her sex in the ambiguity of initials, has translated into an English which surprises me alternately by its crudity and its vigor. Exactly who the people are who can read French verse in the original but require help in the elucidation of the simplest French prose, I am somewhat puzzled to imagine. The poems are declamatory, fulminant, and at times powerful; and there is much that is eloquent, pathetic, and cogent in the impassioned prose in which M. Verhaeren has happily demonstrated that anger may exalt the patriot without unseating the gentleman. The essay is half-pamphlet, half-lyric, a combination which recalls Milton, and I have a feeling at times that the two forms are neither completely distinguished nor ideally combined. The supply of arguments and facts is at the same time a little lavish for rhetoric and a little meagre for argumentation.

The first part of the essay depicts the sufferings of Belgium in a series of pictures in which, as so often happens, the most affecting passages are neither the most pronounced nor the most revolting. The second part arraigns German purpose and policy in a hurried and breathless succession of stirring indictments to which the hailstorm of pattering sentences is the fitting vehicle and counterpart. Germany is uncivilizable, is mediæval Catholicism reëmbodied, is Asia renescent in Europe, is feudalism born anew. M. Verhaeren aims rather to hearten the sympathizer than to convert the antagonist, and reveals the combination of power and laxity which marks the able fulfilment of a not too exigent design.

Had I been Adam in Eden-glade
I should have climbed the wall
Or ever the Woman found the fruit,
Crimson and ripe to fall. . . .

*Had I been Adam in Paradise
I should ha' climbed the wall,
I want not only the sweet of life,
But all—all—all!*

Miss MacKellar's "Witch-Maid," from which the above stanzas are extracted, is a real success on a modest level in a quiet way. The treatment is feminine, but the sugar has the tingle of salt and liveness has supplanted grace. Australia supplies breadth and gusto to the landscapes.

An attitude of toleration towards established standards in prosody and religions is a prerequisite to the enjoyment of the "Dreams and Realities" of Mr. W. K. Fleming. The possessors of such tolerance will be requited by contact with a piquant fancy and a lyricism rising here and there to delectable sweetness.

In the "Peace Sonnets" of Miss Jessie Gibbs—sonnets militantly pacific and leoninely Christian—there is a rude sincerity and energy which sometimes hushes our discontent with their frequent and startling crudities of form.

The negro whom Mr. Fenton Johnson has depicted in his not unreadable dialect idyls is unmistakably the white man's negro. The borrowers of an alien culture are doomed to borrow eventually even their conception of themselves. It is curious that the one poem of documental significance in Mr. Johnson's volume, "De Mule," should express a psychology that antedates his culture.

For Mr. John Curtis Underwood and his cosmical and cyclical "Processionals" I feel much the same concern that Mr. Underwood himself, radical though he may be, may often have felt for the busy and troubled piety of some godly minister of the Calvinistic dispensation. I would not have him less earnest; I would have him take his earnestness more pliantly, humanly, genially. Spaces and æons and responsibilities—this is life for Mr. John Curtis Underwood. He will not only, like Benedick, fetch us "a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of Asia": he will fetch back Asia itself. His mind scampers from cycle to cycle with the speed with which his hand might sweep the keyboard of a piano. I am sorry that he feels bound to poise the universe upon his shoulders: I could wish for the universe a firmer support and for Mr. John Curtis Underwood a lighter burden.

O. W. FIRKINS.

Notes from the Capital

WILLIAM V. ALLEN.

A former public character in Washington took a walk through the main floor of the Capitol a few days ago, after an absence practically of half a generation. He would have attracted attention anywhere with his six feet three inches of height and his proportional breadth of shoulders and chest, his weight of more than 200 pounds, his big face, with its forward-looking brows and its square jaw, and the gleaming gold-mounted spectacles, which added just a hint of Pickwickian blandness to an otherwise slightly sombre expression. When he walked, he strode. When he stood still, he looked like a heavy foundation spile. When he reached out his hand to gesture or extend a greeting, it was Jovian in its mass and motion.

Although time had dealt rather gently with him since he quitted his familiar haunts on Capitol Hill, few of the persons who encountered the visitor in the corridors seemed to have any idea of his identity; nearly all looked back at him after they had passed, nevertheless, in involuntary tribute to his exceptional personality, and sometimes with a vaguely reminiscent air, as if they were ransacking their memories to name and place him. He had some professional business before the Supreme Court, but most of the Justices had been changed since he was last in the chamber, and the new men, at least, failed to shudder as they might had they realized that this was William V. Allen, of Nebraska, the champion long-distance talker of the Senate back in the days when President Cleveland was struggling to procure the repeal of the Sherman silver-purchase act.

His outer man is by no means the only odd thing about Allen. He fairly bristles with uniqueness everywhere—in his methods, his career, his mental and moral make-up. Members of Congress had filibustered before the great silver fight of 1893, and many times; but his single-handed defiance of the inevitable, his unrelieved speech of almost fifteen hours, without once losing the thread of his argument or being at a loss for a word through the dreary night, and the perfect condition of his body and voice at its close, made a record unmatched in its line. Add to that the facts that he was a newcomer in the Senate, that he had been translated thither from the bench, that he represented a political party only two years old, and that he owed his election to Julius Sterling Morton, a conspicuous member of the very Administration he was working to wreck, and we find in him one of the most picturesque figures of a particularly picturesque era in American politics. Finally, his quaint mixture of bitterness and benevolence of disposition was shown once when, in retorting upon a newspaper correspondent who had published a scandalous story about him, he assured his fellow-Senators that the tale was wholly untrue, and without so much as a shadow of excuse, and that the circulator of it was an assassin of character, an enemy of society, a human ghoul. "I would not," he went on, "speak unkindly of the man; I entertain for him no unkind feeling whatever. I denounce him, however, as unworthy of the confidence and respect of good men. I denounce him as one who merits the condemnation of every honest citizen."

The People's party, to which Allen belonged, was the greatest consumer of oratory of any organization in American history. It simply revelled in what Speaker Reed used to call "langwidge." Its conventions were all speeches and resolutions, and half the assembled multitude had no idea what they were discussing or voting on, beyond the broad proposition that whatever was already in existence was bad, and that the latest nostrum-vender had found an infallible specific which could not be given in too big doses. Allen was its great man. Bryan was all right, of course, but Bryan was a Democrat, in name at least, and had little use for the People's party, except as an endorser. Allen, on the other hand, was one of themselves, an out-and-outer. Allen did not do so much speech-making directly to them as they wished he would, but he could sit in gigantic dignity in the centre of the platform, make an opening and a closing address, submit such of their resolves and motions as he thought ought to be submitted, declare one carried and another lost as he deemed best for the future of the party, and generally take charge of the proceedings. I asked him once, after watching his handling of a national convention, if this was strictly a "popular" deliberative body. "Oh, well," he answered, amiably, with what in other men we should take for a half-apologetic air, "these good people come from farms and remote places where they get little chance to learn anything about parliamentary law. This makes it necessary at times to take a short cut."

Many of his fellow-Senators regarded Allen, or affected to regard him, as a joke. While he may have given them reason for such a judgment now and then, he had a dangerous explosive quality which might have put him into quite another category. He was unhesitat-

ing in his condemnation of the careless, easy-going way in which most of the Senators transacted business; and one day, during the South African War, he took advantage of their drowsiness to spring a resolution which was put and passed—as they did not discover till they read it in the *morrow's Record*—committing their body to a declaration of sympathy with the Boers and an offer of mediation. He was induced to consent to its reconsideration, but not till he had had his quiet sport with those who had found him so merely amusing.

TATTLER.

Correspondence.

"NAGGING REMONSTRANCES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read your paper with interest for a well-poised outside view of European politics, and I shall be curious to see whether you endorse the recent American note to England on the subject of contraband. It has been treated with extraordinary restraint by our press, possibly because it is understood that it will meet with polite contempt.

In effect, President Wilson complains that we have modified the hitherto accepted rules of naval blockade to suit our military needs. Is not that precisely what America did in the Civil War? Did she not reduce the population of Lancashire to squalid poverty and even starvation, and did they not endure it with a patience to which Lincoln paid a noble tribute?

The States have been making enormous profits on the supply of munitions to the Allies, yet because certain classes have had their profits diminished, the President is continually addressing nagging remonstrances to our Foreign Office at a time when its faculties are stretched to full tension in grapple with this ruffianly outlaw among the nations, and while it is being denounced by a large section of our people for its tenderness towards American interests and indifference to our own.

But I beg pardon. It is not a question of injured commerce! "The United States unhesitatingly assumes this task of championing the integrity of neutral rights which have received the sanction of the civilized world."

The United States can hardly be congratulated on her discharge of this high task. The integrity of neutral rights has been outraged by Germany in this war as never before in history. She bludgeoned and trampled over Belgium, and America uttered no word, but a week after the Lusitania outrage she assured Germany that America had "learned to recognize German influence in the field of international obligations as always engaged upon the side of justice and humanity."

Let me suggest a parallel to the attitude of America. Coming in the street on a ruffian who has just murdered a woman, I pursue him into the garden of a wealthy householder who has been watching the scuffle from the top of his flight of steps. He comes down indignantly to where I have pinned the murderer to earth on his flower bed and he snatches my elbow. "Sir, are you aware that you are injuring my property and infringing rights which have received the sanction of the civilized world?"

President Wilson "is contending for nothing less high and sacred than the rights of

humanity," but he threw over humanity in return for a promise not to drown any more Americans. He is still waiting for disavowal and compensation for the Lusitania, so he takes it out of us, being a people famed for profound patience under provocation. Is it necessary to nauseate us with buncombe about human rights when he is really thinking about pro-German votes and the clamor of greedy commercialists, and while he turns a cold and fishlike eye on two thousand miles of human agony?

Of course, if I were a person of international note, I would not write thus, for fear of causing international bitterness, but as an unknown Englishman and well aware that the bulk of Americans are on our side, I hope you will indulge this expression of what some people are feeling here. Hardly one of us but has lost a dear friend or relative in this bloody welter.

E. B. McCORMICK.

London, November 10.

AID FOR FRENCH WOUNDED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Knowing the great admiration felt among Americans for France—admiration for all that the civilized world owes to her, heightened by the sense of her incomparable greatness of spirit, dignity, and fortitude throughout the present war—may I be allowed, through your courtesy, to make known the work of an English hospital for French wounded, and appeal for help to continue it?

The hospital at Arc-en-Barrois, installed at the end of last year in the château of the Duc de Penthièvre (Department of Haute Marne), is one of those which serve the Army of the Argonne, the region where fierce fighting has been perhaps more continuous than anywhere along the line. The need of it was proved by the fact that as early as February it was found necessary to provide an auxiliary hospital of seventy beds in addition to the hundred-odd in the château itself. This annex has been used for convalescents; but the French Government has recently decided to have no convalescents any longer so near the front; and the taking over of the annex for serious cases has meant a large increase of expenditure. Funds are now urgently needed.

Having had the privilege of serving for a short time in this hospital, I can testify to the need and the value of its work, as well as to the singularly sympathetic relations between the patients and staff. French officers have told me how greatly it has been appreciated; above all, the touching gratitude of the wounded soldiers themselves is an ineffaceable memory.

Only those who have been in the country can, I think, realize at all fully the bitter cost of the war to France; it is not cried abroad, but the statistics alone of the maimed and permanently injured are quite appalling. Modern surgery and skilful nursing can do wonders, and for this reason there cannot be too ample provision for the prompt and careful treatment of the wounded. I feel that if my American friends could see these wounded Frenchmen, some mere lads, others bearded fathers of families, all taken from their homes and peaceful occupations to fight, not with any desire of fighting, but with a deep determination to rid their country of the invader; if they could see their sufferings from the most horrible wounds, their patience, their cheerfulness, always ready for a smile or a joke; if they could talk with them and hear

how they speak of the devotion of their English nurses, they would understand how a hospital like this, above and beyond its actual work, makes for that comradeship and good will among nations which we desire, and is a springing seed of fraternal sympathy which will bear flower and fruit in the future.

Frenchmen have told me how deeply they have been touched by messages of sympathy which have reached them from across the Atlantic. And I think that some of the many Americans to whom France is dear may be glad to help this hospital, even though so many calls have been made on their generosity for the sufferings of the war, and so generously, as we well know, responded to. Twenty-five dollars will maintain a bed for a month, but any donations will be gratefully received and should be sent to: The Hon. Treasurer, R. Martin-Holland, Esq., C.B., 68, Lombard Street, London, E. C., England.

LAWRENCE BINYON.

London, November 16.

"SOULS IN THE TRENCHES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Was not the customary moral discrimination of the *Nation* for once at fault in passing to print the editorial under the above caption in its issue of November 4? It needs only to be remembered that no such feeling of war weariness as the article suggests has found expression among the occupants of the trenches on the Allied side, though Servian women by the thousand are standing shoulder to shoulder with Servian men in the defence of their country, though the Belgian people are virtually without a land that they can call their own, and though French priests to the number of something like thirty battalions are fighting at the front. For my part, I am persuaded, alike from the statements of the press, the utterances of professional and public men, and the communications of private correspondents, that not in Great Britain or in the colonies, not in France or in what remains of Belgium, not in Russia, in Italy, or in Servia, is there the slightest weakening of the determination to put an end to the unholy thing which has brought the war about or to perish in the effort. Were the men and the women who are fighting on *that* side asked their will as to the continuance of the combat, though from the lips of the latter it might come to us as a sob, yet it would still shape itself into the words "Set on!"

It is not, I think, the contrast between the condition of troops established on an enemy's soil and troops driven in beyond the limits of their own frontier that really explains this situation; it is rather the disparity in the moral and spiritual aims which on the two sides are at stake. May I quote to you some words of Bergson? In the first, he is speaking of the aims and the character of Germany: "She will not," he says, "strike at combatants only; she will massacre women, children, old men; she will pillage and burn; her ideal will be to destroy towns, villages, the whole population." Again: "It is necessary to remind her [Germany] that her philosophy is simply a translation into intellectual terms of her brutality, her appetites, and her vices." Still again of the situation as a whole: "On the one side there is force spread out on the surface; on the other there is force in the depths. On the one side mechanism, the manufactured article which cannot repair its own injuries; on the other side life, the power

of creation which makes and remakes itself at every instant. . . . Whatever be the price of victory, it will not have been too dearly bought if humanity is finally delivered from the nightmare which weighs upon it."

WILLIAM HIGGS.

Gilroy, Cal., November 12.

THE NATION'S WAR-RELIEF FUND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With regard to the "Word to the Moderately Rich," published in your issue of September 16, in which I offered to be one of ten to give \$2,000 to any of the European relief funds, the returns seem to be all in, and only three or four have responded to the call. The result of this appeal is not especially disillusioning. It is no more surprising that people refuse to give up luxuries in order to prevent starvation in Servia and Belgium than that they should cling to them in the face of bitter though not so extreme poverty right at home. Our daily experience accustoms us to the porcine life. This is not meant to be any indictment of the natural impulses of our class. Effective sympathy diminishes with the square of the distance between the observer and the sufferer. Probably the vast majority of us, if we were living in Belgium, would be as ready to sacrifice our last dollars as they are. If we were lost in the desert, we would not hesitate to share our last drink of water; or if any one of us were adrift on a log, with a woman, it would not seem at all remarkable, if the occasion required it, for us to slip off and take our chances with the sharks. The trouble, as you have pointed out in one of your editorials, is largely a defect of the imagination. If we would make a real effort to put ourselves in the position of a Servian mother, trudging through the snow with a hungry, homeless, and fatherless family, it might help somewhat. Without some definite attempt of the sort, the morning news of atrocities and sufferings makes no dent in our panoply; and we proceed to order casaba melon at a price that would furnish a refugee with food for a week.

One of the other contributors has asked why, if I feel so badly about it, I do not give the money anyway, without waiting for nine others to come in. This is quite pertinent, and I accept his suggestion, and herewith send New York exchange for \$2,000, payable to the Servian Relief Committee. O.

THE PANAMA CANAL FORESHADOWED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the coming celebration of the completion of the Panama Canal (temporarily closed for repairs), the following lines may be of interest to your readers. They are found in Book IV of John Dyer's "Fleece" (1757):

Must it ever be thus? or may the hand
Of mighty labor drain their gusty lakes,
Enlarge the brightening sky, and, peopling, warm
The opening valleys and the yellowing plains?
Or rather shall we burst strong Darien's chain,
Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks,
And through the great Pacific every joy
Of civil life diffuse? . . .

It is interesting to note Dyer's belief in the theory that the climate of a new country may be modified by settlement.

HORACE W. O'CONNOR.

Bloomington, Ind., November 15.

Literature

A WOMAN SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

The Story of a Pioneer. By Anna Howard Shaw. Illustrated from photographs. New York: Harper & Bros. \$2 net.

Three things combine to give unusual interest to Dr. Shaw's autobiography. First, it is the story of one who from obscurity and the bitterest poverty rose through her own efforts to wide influence and fame; what we like to call a typically American story. In the second place, it is the story of a born adventurer and fighter; and all the world loves a good fighter. The fact that the author has become best known as a champion of equal suffrage seems scarcely more than an accident. She went into the struggle for suffrage in much the same spirit as that with which one of the Garibaldis goes into a revolution; it does not matter in what country the revolution is taking place, so long as it offers a chance for a glorious fight in the name of liberty. Lastly, the story is told with a fine gusto, as of one who has taken a keen delight in hardship, struggle, and adventure, and takes equal delight in remembering them and setting them down. One cannot help thinking what an admirable heroine of a picaresque novel Dr. Shaw would have made, if she had had a different bringing up and another social background.

Of a family Scotch on the mother's side and remotely Scotch on the father's, Anna Howard Shaw was born in 1847, the sixth of a family of seven children. Her father was a skilful artisan, something of an inventor, and more of a dreamer. "Like most men," says his daughter, generalizing rather sweepingly, "my dear father should never have married. . . . To him an acorn was not an acorn, but a forest of young oaks." In 1851 the family emigrated to America in the hope of bettering their fortunes. For a short time they lived in New Bedford; then for seven years in Lawrence, Mass. Here Mr. Shaw made a fairly comfortable living, and the family became deeply interested in the Abolitionist movement. Dr. Shaw remembers her excitement when, after reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she discovered a negro woman in the cellar. She recalls, too, the departure from the town of the group of men who were to found a new Lawrence in Kansas. One of the attractive pictures of those childhood years is that of a remarkable friendship with a beautiful and mysterious woman of bad reputation who lived near the Shaws. "To me she was a princess in a fairy tale, for she rode a white horse and wore a blue velvet riding-habit, with a blue velvet hat and a picturesquely drooping white plume. . . . One day the mysterious lady bent and kissed me. Then, straightening up, she looked at me queerly and said: 'Go and tell your mother I did that.'" Mrs. Shaw was wise enough not to object to the odd association, and on

the little girl it made a lasting impression.

But the real adventures of the "pioneer" began when she was twelve. Her father had taken up a claim in the forests of northern Michigan, and, after building a log cabin on it, he returned to Lawrence and sent his wife with five children to live there till he could join them a year and a half later. "That we were a hundred miles from a railroad, forty miles from the nearest post office, and half a dozen miles from any neighbors save Indians, wolves, and wild-cats; that we were wholly unlearned in the ways of the woods, as well as in the most primitive methods of farming . . . these facts had no weight in my father's mind." The cabin had no floor, doors, windows, or partitions; it contained no furniture, and they had brought none with them. Water had to be carried from a creek at a considerable distance. Mrs. Shaw was a semi-invalid, unable to stand up alone. Her oldest son, James, was twenty; the next two sons Mr. Shaw kept with him in the East. The nearest stores were forty miles away. After a few months James fell ill, and had to go East for an operation; this left the hard work of the pioneer homestead in winter to be done by three young girls and a small boy. That first winter was full of hardship and adventure. On one occasion the household was visited by a company of Indians, who brought with them jugs of bad whiskey and spent the night in quarrelling and drinking.

There were no schools in the region, but the family had some good books, and Mr. Shaw brought more when he came from the East. Anna's informal education qualified her at fifteen to become a school-teacher at two dollars a week. Later she was paid a little more, and was able to help the family through the bitter poverty of the Civil War years, when prices rose to hitherto unknown levels, and her father and two brothers were in the army. Meanwhile, she had developed the ambition to go to college and become a preacher, and the end of the war made it possible for her to devote her energies to this purpose. We must pass over her struggle for an education at Albion College and Boston University, where she found it much harder to earn her way than at Albion, and actually suffered the pangs of starvation. Before this, to the horror and estrangement of her family, she had preached a number of times in the vicinity of her Michigan home. It was years before her family became reconciled to her preaching, and they gave her no help in what they regarded as her perverse ambition. More serious contests were ahead of her. After she had preached two years, she was refused ordination by the Methodist Episcopal Church, and gained it only after a sharp struggle in the Methodist Protestant organization. Her account of the discussion in the conference is vivid and humorous:

One old gentleman I can see as I write. He was greatly excited, and he led the opposition by racing up and down the aisle, quoting from the Scriptures to prove his case

against women ministers. As he ran about, he had a trick of putting his arms under the back of his coat, making his coat-tails stand out, and incidentally revealing two long white tape-strings belonging to a flannel undershirt. Even in the painful stress of those hours I observed with interest how beautifully those tape-strings were ironed!

It is clear that the candidate keenly enjoyed the contest of which she was the centre. Already she had been engaged in three distinct and lively combats in her own parish on Cape Cod; the first to settle an ancient and bitter church feud, the second to force her Methodist parishioners to consent to her exchanging pulpits with a Unitarian, the third to root out illegal liquor-selling. The story of these affairs is told with the keenest relish, and is one of the best bits of narrative in the book. So long as these battles lasted, Dr. Shaw's energies were tolerably occupied; but when she had thoroughly subdued her adversaries, the restlessness of the adventurer came upon her. "My soul sent forth a sudden call to arms. . . . I was in danger of settling into an agreeable routine." She undertook the study of medicine along with the work of her two parishes—she had annexed a second one—and at the same time gave occasional lectures. When she had obtained her degree of M.D. she resigned her charges; but she had no intention of settling down to the routine practice of medicine. She spent some time looking about for a struggle big enough and exciting enough to absorb her energy. She gave suffrage a trial, working for a time in the service of the Massachusetts association, but left their employ on their refusal to give her a moderate advance in pay. She then entered the lecture field as a free lance, speaking on various subjects, and at once making more than twice as much money as she had asked for. Lecturing involved many exciting experiences. "All-night journeys in freight cars, engines, and cabooses were casual commonplaces, while thirty- and forty-mile drives across the country in blizzards and bitter cold were equally inevitable. . . . They were high adventures which I enjoyed at the time, and afterward loved to recall." With a group of cattlemen she was snowed in by a blizzard in a tiny railway station in Minnesota; in Kansas her sleigh was pursued by wolves across the prairie; once the crowded hall in which she was beginning to lecture was maliciously set on fire.

Apparently she was recalled to organized work for suffrage largely through the influence of Susan B. Anthony, whom she met in 1888. Of this remarkable woman, with whom she was closely associated for many years, Dr. Shaw draws a vivid and striking portrait. The latter portion of the book, which describes the suffrage campaigns, is to the general reader less interesting than the first half. But this is true of nearly all autobiographies, and the author's unconquerable zest and spirit give the narrative life to its end. Her long experience in public speaking has made her mistress of

a style plain and vigorous; her narrative moves rapidly, and is enlivened by a sense of humor not inconsistent with a frankness amounting sometimes to naïveté. On the whole, the author impresses one as a gallant soldier of fortune of the nobler class, who need to believe in the causes they fight for.

CURRENT FICTION.

OLD QUESTS AND NEW.

Beltane the Smith. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The Fortunes of Garin. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Aladore. By Henry Newbolt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Despite sundry physical squalors revealed by the cold eye of history, and certain mental and moral puerilities laughed at in satire from the immortal Don among his windmills to the Yankee at King Arthur's court, the tradition of chivalry holds its glamour for makers and readers of romance. Popular novelists still find profitable account in that world which did its praying and its sinning, its love-making and its swashbuckling, under patently superior conditions of atmosphere, scenery, and costume. And serious poets are by no means done with a tradition embodying, at least, the enchanted quests of Cross and Grail.

It is true that vulgar writers have done their best to vulgarize the tradition; and that the romancer with a kept audience has trifled with it, as he may well afford. Nothing lends itself more readily to cheap effects than the mediæval machinery. It is easier to "put across" a telling portrait of a caitiff with a glaive and a buckler than one of a gunman with a black derby and a Colt automatic. The more "timely" material has been tried out pretty thoroughly of late, and it is clear that the glaive will retain the honors of the property-room. The author of "Beltane the Smith," having labored with the relatively difficult materials of modern or nearly-modern life, now, it is evident, settles back with a sigh of relief upon the romantic cushion of the Middle Ages.

To begin with, the patter could offer no serious difficulties to a phrase-maker who has so featly imitated Borrow. Mr. Farnol has evidently perceived at a glance that it is totally unnecessary for the costume romancer to try for anything like a consistent use of the tongue of any one period. The thing to employ is a lingo such as any fellow (or his girl) can understand, with just enough funny words and constructions to go with the glaives and things. It is a good dodge to turn your phrase upside down, when you are tired of thinking up words such as belike and forsooth, arrant and mazzard. Or there are even simpler expedients. Mr. Farnol has an easy recipe, *e. g.*, "Then Beltane leaned him, panting, upon his staff, what time the fallen man got him unsteadily to his legs and limped after his

comrade." Nothing too much, you will observe: "panting him" and "limped him" would have surfeited the artless reader, who only asks for a touch of archaic flavor, served with a shaker. And this writer knows how a bit of homely modernism in the mouths of his mailed and wimpled figures will endear them to the man in the street, the maid at her typewriter. The heroic persons, with all their beauty and valor, are not above "bright thoughts" and "troubles of their own." One of them remarks, on occasion, with pleasant informality, that "the night is young yet"; and when Black Roger, the hangman, cries: "Let us be going while yet we may," we feel that it is only out of respect for the author that he has refrained from "while the going is good." Nor is sense necessary. "They walked amid the flowers with eyes that, an it be thy will, e'en now will I leave thee until thy came they to a stair and up the stair to a chamber" is a passage no doubt reflecting the author's modest confusion upon realizing that his hero and heroine are to be alone at last. Of that harmless pair we need only reveal the fact that Beltane is really a duke and therefore deserves, after due exhibition of his brawn and valor, the hand of the Duchess, who appears, with her charms and her coming-on disposition, on page 22.

To bower and tourney, after her not altogether profitable dealings with the Civil War, Miss Johnston, also, returns with gusto. Like Beltane, Garin is a youth destined to win his way upward, by strength of thew and bravery of heart, to mating with a lady of high degree. An imperishable theme, none better in the quiver of romance. Miss Johnston has made skilful if not masterly use of it. Her narrative, as always, shows ample movement and color: its chief weakness is that it is never for a moment able to descend from the high horse. Its persons are capable of a laborious playfulness here and there which we recognize in the offing as comedy about to relieve. But the spirit of humor is absent from her work, and therefore the truer dignity of poise. She writes always, as it were, with flushed cheek and knitted brow. Every page is done at the highest possible tension. Perhaps one ought to be very young and feminine and keen for emotion to enjoy her to the full. But she rarely offers the reader of more neutral mood the familiar affront of careless workmanship. If her diction flies high, it also flies firmly. One quaint slip we note. It is in a speech of the princess who is to be Garin's, to the villain who is, according to the best traditions, a count. Suddenly out of the frame of her stately speech steps the jaunty phrase, "There is where you come in, my lord!"

Miss Johnston's customary formality, intensity, and even humorlessness, are well suited to her theme. On the whole, it is safer to go the whole hog when you come to knights and troubadours and chivalry and courts of love. Here a little humor is a dangerous thing; a mere talent had bet-

ter accept the mediæval idea or let it alone. Miss Johnston likes it all, the song, the color, the fantastic morals and sentiments (not least the blood-letting, for which she has always shown marked taste) of that fabled age. She has done a finished though by no means inspired piece of work.

Garin's long pursuit of his unknown mistress, his "Fair Goal," is, in its way, a quest not only of love but of a spiritual ideal. In the Middle Ages Mr. Newbolt also naturally finds a natural setting for his extended parable. "Aladore" is not aimed at the reader of historical romance. Mr. Newbolt is a poet, and his mood here, and, in a limited sense, his method, are poetic. Perhaps it is a prose poem; the present commentator hopes not, as he has never been able to admire that species of wingless bird, and as he admires "Aladore" sincerely. One may certainly say that, in form, but for the accident of its not being chopped up into lines, it is as much poetry as a great deal that passes for poetry in these days. It is, in fact, not bastard verse but singularly beautiful prose. Its inspiration, rather than its model, is the prose of Mallory: thence, perhaps, its rhythm and its clear vigor, not its diction. The archaic flavor has been successfully caught without burdening the page with strange words. Superficially, the tale is much like certain narratives of William Morris, for example "The Story of the Glittering Plain." But Morris was content to weave his brilliant webs after the old fashion: with a touch here or there of mysticism or symbolism, but for the most part rejoicing in the lusty narrative for its own human sake. Mr. Newbolt's tale, beautiful in itself, is a subtle and elaborate parable of life as we in this complex day know it. The motive of the Quest is here, once more. Aladore, like Morris's Glittering Plain, is a place of magic, where Ywain, after many adventures, is to find his ideal. But his ideal is not, as with Miss Johnston's Garin, the splendid dream of the Middle Ages, a perfect and deathless illusion. It is rather Truth, the truth of human kindness and of human obligations, a truth ennobling love, revealed by love, but not falsely confounded with it. The secret of service is Ywain's Fair Goal, service not of person or ideal or special cause, but of humanity: a secret never revealed to the age of chivalry. It is significant that Ywain begins his quest by making over his earthly property and lordship to another, that he may be free for real living and seeking.

Hempfield. By David Grayson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Readers of the "Spoon River Anthology" will recall what a prominent part in the life of that not very cheerful town is played by the *Clarion* and its proprietor, Editor Whedon. Not a glorious part, for the *Clarion* and its editor represent everything that is corrupt and insincere in country journalism. The ordinary rural newspaper, we suppose, stands somewhere between the

Spoon River *Clarion* and the Hempfield *Star*, which, in making it the focus, or fulcrum, of his slight action, the present writer surrounds with his customary haze of sentiment. As against the grinding hypocrite, Whedon, we have here Anthy, great-hearted and beautiful maiden, who has inherited the paper from her father, and is determined to carry it on in his own noble and disinterested and unbusinesslike spirit. To her rescue comes chivalry in various guises. Farmer Grayson, for example, though he lives out of Hempfield, and is supposed to be a busy man, is so charmed by Anthy that he spends most of his time for some months, so far as we can make out, hanging about the *Star* office, that he may miss nothing of what happens to Anthy, and her uncle the Captain, and Fergus MacGregor, the printer, and Ed Smith, the efficiency expert, and young Nort, the wastrel (with a rich father) and leading juvenile, who is destined to make a man of himself, or be made a man of by that inky ingénue, Anthy. The scene of the newspaper office is well painted, and so is the village street, which is the second set. The plot invites you to smile with a pleasant little lump in your throat. The characters are picturesquely balanced. The Captain, who cannot be made to believe in flying-machines or the Democratic party; Fergus, who divides his allegiance between Anthy and Bobby Burns; Anthy, who writes letters to the ghost of Lincoln; Norton Carr, the young humorist with a heart; David Grayson, in the rôle of the benign old man: here are many of the most acceptable figures of village comedy. The whole affair is skilfully if somewhat unctuously managed. The writer has his function as a genial interpreter of rural charm for the city-bound, and must put his best foot foremost. "The Old Homestead" and "Shore Acres" have shown, once for all, how the thing should be done. To "put across" your village philosophy, you must spread it pretty thick. There are moments when, on the printed page, we weary exceedingly of the present writer's deathless complacency and insistent optimism.

Old Delabole. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Phillpotts's scene here shifts from the Devon moors to the cliffs of Cornwall, with a consequent change in that physical atmosphere which counts for so much in his novels. Rounded tors give place to steep quarry-side, and moorland mists to the driving west wind which is the paramount force of nature along that coast. But the human theme, the human types, are strikingly like what this writer has been accustomed to present. The dialect is virtually the same, and is used with the same appalling frankness. We have New England rustics who can tell their neighbors what they think of them, but they are furious egotists, breaking an unwritten law of reticence. They must be angry, and they must be heard in silence; if you turn on them they are confounded

by your indecency. These people of Mr. Phillpotts have no such limitation. Speaking out is not a form of madness in their eyes; they are neither proud nor ashamed of it; and they take as good as they give.

The situation upon which the action is based is, rather oddly, one of which this writer has made use more than once. Mr. Howells's middle-aged lover, who finds himself wishing at the same moment to embrace a mother and her daughter, reflects that, after all the centuries, man is still "imperfectly monogamous." Apparently, Mr. Phillpotts thinks something of the same sort might be said of woman. Here again he represents a good woman equally in love with two men and helplessly dangling between them. Edith Retallack's choice of Wesley Bake instead of Tom Hawkey is determined by chance. The two are not (like the two males in "The Whirlwind") contrasting types. They appeal to the girl in much the same way: both strong men, sober, industrious, and with positions of authority among the "stone-men" of Delabole. Edith quarrels with Wesley on one of those matters of stubborn opinion which play such a part in rustic life—a question connected with property. Veering towards Hawkey, she is caught by his magnanimity and tossed gently back to her accepted lover. In the supreme matter of his love, Hawkey's reticence does not fail him. Old Delabole differs from Widecombe, not only in its physical contrast of climate and enjoyment, but chiefly as a stronghold of Methodism. The lives of these people are colored by their religion, though its strictness oddly entails a certain amount of half-recognized laxity, for example, in the sexual relations of youth and maiden. The tavern also flourishes beside the chapel, as it did among our forefathers on Massachusetts Bay. The flower of this community is old Grandfather Nute, with his unquenchable vitality, his innocent egotism, his real faith, and his knack at falling on his feet.

THE WAR EXPLAINED.

The Stakes of Diplomacy. By Walter Lippmann. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25 net.

The "Stakes of Diplomacy" are the "weak" or "backward" countries. "These states are 'weak' because they are industrially backward, and at present politically incompetent. They are rich in resources and cheap labor, poor in capital, poor in political experience, poor in the power of defence. The government of these states is the supreme problem of diplomacy. . . . I use backward in the conventional sense, to mean a people unaccustomed to modern commerce and modern political administration" (pp. 87-8). It takes this combination of economic potentiality and political weakness to make the problem. "The desert of Sahara is no 'problem' except where there are oases and trade routes. Switzerland is no 'problem,' for Switzerland is a highly organized modern state. But Mexico is a problem, and

Haiti, and Turkey, and Persia" (p. 93). Troubles begin when exploitation of these "weak" countries is attempted competitively by the "strong" nations. "The formula of modern Imperialism seems to be that financial groups enter a weak state and create 'national interests' which then evoke national feeling. The corruption and inefficiency of the weak state 'endanger' the interests; patriotism rises to defend them, and political control follows. The prestige of a Power in the councils of the world depends upon the weight of 'interests' protected and the fervor with which they are 'protected' (pp. 105-6). . . . Who should intervene in backward states, what the intervention shall mean, how the protectorate shall be conducted—this is the bone and sinew of modern diplomacy (p. 107). . . . Diplomacy has appealed to arms because no satisfactory international solution has been found for the Balkan, Turkish, African, and Chinese problems. This war is fought not for specific possessions, but for that diplomatic prestige and leadership which are required to solve all the different problems. It is like a great election to decide who shall have the supreme power in the Concert of Europe.

. . . The ultimate question involved was this: whenever in the future diplomats meet to settle a problem in the backward countries, which European nation shall be listened to most earnestly? What shall be the relative prestige of Germans and Englishmen and Frenchmen and Russians? What sense of their power, what historical halo, what threat of force, what stimulus to admiration shall they possess? To lose this war will be like being a Republican politician in the solid South when the Democrats are in power in Washington. It will mean political, social, and economic inferiority" (pp. 108-9).

This is Mr. Lippmann's diagnosis of the trouble, and from the diagnosis the remedy irresistibly emerges. It is, simply, the "internationalization" of the backward countries by establishment of a rudimentary "world government." The Berlin Conference of 1885 was a sort of European legislature. The Algeiras Conference was another, and so was the London Conference following the Balkan wars. "But all these legislatures have had one great fault. They met, they passed laws, they adjourned, and left the enforcement of their mandate to the conscience of the individual Powers. The legislature was international, but the executive was merely national. The legislature, moreover, had no way of checking up or controlling the executive. . . . If the law was not carried out, to whom would an appeal be made? Not to the Conference, for it had ceased to exist (p. 131). . . . The beginnings of a remedy would seem to lie in not disbanding these European conferences when they have passed a law. They ought to continue in existence as a kind of senate, meeting from time to time (p. 133). . . . The development of such a senate would probably be towards an increasing

control of colonial officials. At first it would have no power of appointment or removal. It would be limited to criticism. But it is surely not fantastic to suppose that the colonial civil service would in time be internationalized: that is to say, opened to men of different nationalities. The senate, if it developed any traditions, would begin to supervise the budget, would fight for control of salaries, and might well take over the appointing power altogether (pp. 133-4). . . . The important point is that there should be in existence permanent international commissions to deal with those spots of the earth where world crises originate. . . . The idea is not over-ambitious. It seems to me the necessary development of schemes which European diplomacy has been playing with for some time. It represents an advance along the line that governments, driven by necessity, have been taking of their own accord. What makes it especially plausible is that it grasps the real problems of diplomacy, that it provides not a panacea but a method and the beginnings of a technique. It is internationalism, not spread thin as a Parliament of man, but sharply limited to those areas of friction where internationalism is most obviously needed" (p. 135).

Now, other things than mere present peace will, in Mr. Lippmann's opinion, follow the successful internationalization of "backward states." Among these is the "democratization of diplomacy." This would follow the orderly development of commerce with these countries, with consequent elimination of the "adventurer" and his replacement by the many, whose interest in foreign affairs would thus be greatly increased. "That is not all, however. It can be maintained, I believe, that the effect will be to blur frontiers, to diminish the sense of sovereignty, and weaken separatism. The really internationalizing forces of finance, commerce, labor, science, and human sympathy, distracted and distorted to-day by 'national necessities,' will be given a freer chance to assert themselves" (p. 189). Mr. Lippmann advances this latter idea, however, only as an hypothesis. It is the democratization of diplomacy upon which he mainly relies for a permanent betterment of what are called "foreign politics":

A people that was sophisticated about foreign affairs would be hard to lead, and its diplomats could not wield it with the same sense of sovereign power. But this loss of unity, dangerous under conditions to-day, would be a great blessing once the weak spots of the world were organized, for then the fearful tension of imperial competition would be relaxed, and the need for drilled submission, for presenting an unbroken front, would diminish. The effect would be double. The organization of backward countries would draw wider interests to them, and these wider interests, assuming control of diplomacy, would democratize it and weaken its sovereign pretensions. There would be less need of sovereignty, less need of rigid military frontiers, less need of docile, uncritical patriotism, and consequently a vast increase of human coöperation. The great empires will

cease to face each other as hostile rivals when the sources of their rivalry, the stakes of diplomacy, have been organized out of existence (pp. 203-4).

This is all very well. If the "backward" countries are the causes of national disputes, and these countries can be "internationalized," then the chances are that they will cease to cause national disputes. Also, it is quite likely that they can and will be "internationalized" in greater or less degree by some such method as that suggested by Mr. Lippmann. But is *that* all that we are to see in the great war?

Human activities can no doubt almost always be stated in economic terms; that is the truth underlying the modern superstition of economic determinism. Mr. Lippmann (maugre his youth and the rapidity with which he is producing books) has been clever enough to detach himself from the toils of Socialism so far as its more obvious fallacies are concerned, but he is still seemingly content with this, its basic philosophic assumption. He is entitled to his creed, and even to his superstition. But the effect of both is to make a book like "The Stakes of Diplomacy" read in these days as if it belonged to another age of time. Moreover, this book in a measure lacks some of the qualities which made its predecessors interesting. The flavor of youth has somewhat evaporated; the brilliant epigrammatic cocksureness and irreverence which amused and stimulated the reader of "A Preface to Politics" and "Drift and Mastery" are somewhat parsimoniously doled out in the "Stakes of Diplomacy," and the butter is spread much thinner in the last of the three books than it was in either of the earlier ones. Perhaps the dedication to "The Staff of the *New Republic*" is significant. The "Stakes of Diplomacy" is the stuff that a "journal of opinion" is made of. It does not, as did "A Preface to Politics," invite a second reading.

A LITTLE KNOWN TRIBE.

The Fighting Cheyennes. By George Bird Grinnell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50 net.

Because Indian wars are now mere memories, and the aboriginal bands that once kept the frontier in a continual state of unrest are broken and scattered, there is danger that we may lose entirely our historic touch with one of the most important elements that entered into the making of our country as we know it. Dr. Grinnell has presented, therefore, a valuable contribution to American sociological literature in his record of a group of red men of the highest type, who remain even to this day largely unspoiled by the vicissitudes through which they have passed. No other writer is so competent as he to perform such a service, for he has been the stanch friend of the Northern Cheyennes, and their chief interpreter to the outside world, for many years, and has repeatedly acted as the intimate medium of communication between

them and their white well-wishers in the East.

Of all the Indians who have figured in the popular annals of border warfare, these are perhaps the least widely known by name. Half the transcontinental tourists who halt on their way through southern Montana to look over the Custer battlefield are unaware of the participation of any Indians save the Sioux in the annihilation of Custer's command, or suspect that within an easy day's ride of the railway is the remnant of the band responsible for some of the worst of the slaughter, including still a few old warriors who were in the thick of it. Almost all extant accounts of the events of that day have been derived from white sources, whereas Dr. Grinnell has drawn upon the Indians for their version. By piecing all the testimony together, and bearing in mind that the Indian story comes through channels more direct and less liable to adulteration than the white story, the conscientious historian can construct a fairly faithful picture of what occurred, and place the blame for the disaster at the proper door.

Quite as interesting as the history of a tribe notable for its splendid physique, its courage, and its steadfastness, are the occasional glimpses Dr. Grinnell gives us, between the lines of his chronicle, of the life, customs, and ideals of these people before their primitive characteristics had been perceptibly affected by contact with Caucasian civilization. The Indian method of fighting, with its avoidance of coming into close quarters with the enemy, running away when the enemy charges, but wheeling and returning to the attack as soon as the vigor of the charge seems at all relaxed, explains things which ordinarily puzzle the uninitiated reader of frontier war-stories. The philosophy which has bred up a race of wonderful warriors is worthy of special note, too, in these days so surcharged with the martial atmosphere. The Cheyennes trained their youth to feel that death was not to be dreaded on its own account, as it was better to die in the full enjoyment of one's vigor than to linger on till one's powers had failed and life held no more satisfaction or pleasure.

An incident as tragically pathetic in its way as the pilgrimage of Standing Bear and his band of Poncas, which became familiar to the public through its exploitation in the press at the time of its occurrence, is narrated by our author in his chapters on the bitter experiences of Little Wolf and Dull Knife. They, like Standing Bear, revolted against their inhumane removal from the bracing air and temperature of their northern home to the enervating climate of the Indian Territory, and the unadorned account of their struggles to escape makes a strong appeal to the sympathy.

Although the history of the tribe is traced in this book as far back as any sufficient data are obtainable, it is brought down, as the title indicates, only through the period of their active hostilities with the Govern-

ment. "The fighting days of the Cheyennes have passed," says Dr. Grinnell in his final summary. "They are now learning the difficult lesson of civilization and work, but the lesson of thrift they have as yet hardly begun to learn. This we may hope will come later." The isolated situation of their Northern reservation, with their traditional enemies, the Crows, for their nearest neighbors, has not been favorable to their rapid advance in the arts of peace. But they seem to have retained much of their old energy, and their accomplishments in cattle-raising a few years ago, under intelligent supervision, fairly startled the experts in the Chicago stock yards; nor is it so very long since we had an outcropping of the ancient war-spirit in an incident which was picturesque enough to furnish the pivotal feature of a popular novel, and which only the coolness and common-sense of a Government agent prevented from drifting into bloodshed.

THE BALKANS.

Geographical Aspects of Balkan Problems in Their Relation to the Great European War. By Marion I. Newbigin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75 net.

The world would seem to be large enough for both geography and history, but like emperor and pope in the Middle Ages, each usually tries to bring the other into subjection. Sometimes, however, they dwell together in harmony, and this is the case in Dr. Newbigin's book. She also succeeds amazingly well in an effort to be fair to both sides in the present "unpleasantness," and shows that a Briton, though a belligerent, can be more neutral in attitude than any neutral. Be it added that she directs an unexpected amount of new light upon a group of problems whose permanent solution would tax the abilities of a legate from the heavenly court.

Six chapters describe the setting of the geographical stage in the Balkan peninsula, including the position of the independent states, and of Austria-Hungary and Turkey, and the natural routes of communication. Six chapters deal with the peoples of the peninsula, its climates, and the modes of holding the land. A final chapter discusses the changes after the wars of 1912 and 1913, and an epilogue suggests readjustments of political boundaries to conform as best may be with geography and nationality. The value of the book is greatly increased by a dozen maps, noteworthy among which are those giving the lines of the Roman roads across the peninsula, the modern railways and railway schemes, and the distribution of peoples. There is, finally, a large map in colors, showing the present political boundaries and the chief cities and railways, upon a background of physical features. The style is almost devoid of technical expressions, and errors are very few.

Perhaps the most informing demonstration given by Dr. Newbigin is that of the

decisive importance of the two routes which run in approximately straight lines from Belgrade to Constantinople, and from Nish to Salonica. Less important when Rome exerted paramount influence than the east-and-west Egnatian Way, their significance rose with the greatness of Constantinople, and now is further enhanced by the lines of force which proceed southeastward from the allied central empires. Since the peninsula lacks a well-indicated natural centre, it has tended to be dominated by outside Powers. The peoples along the great roads have often had the uncomfortable choice between fleeing to the highlands or remaining in the paths of trampling armies. Conditions and circumstances have developed them into "powerful stocks of men."

Dr. Newbigin has not attempted a general historical survey of the Balkan problems from the geographical point of view, but has confined her attention to recent and present conditions. There is in the book an occasional over-emphasis on orography, as when the "Rhodope Upland" (maps 1 and 2) is represented as a solid triangular block, whereas (final map) it is more in the shape of a letter A, in which the openings represent the plains of Sofia and Philippopolis, making a way for the great southeasterly road. The half-dozen peoples are each situated in an area which can be defined fairly well by heights of land and drainage systems. Serbia, before 1913, consisted mainly of the watershed of the Morava River, tributary to the Danube; Bulgaria included the southern half of the third or lowest basin of the Danube, together with the upper basins of the Maritza and the Struma; in both cases the outlets to the sea were in alien hands. Greece was the southern extremity of the Albano-Grecian highlands; Albania the similar region farther north; and Montenegro a smaller, higher portion to the northwest. The basin of the Vardar River constituted the greater part of Macedonia, occupied mainly by Bulgars, but desired by Serbia for an outlet and by Greece for a possession. All of these regions have a severe Continental climate, except Greece, which enjoys the milder weather of the Mediterranean lands: the ploughing Slav thrives under the former, and the gardening, seafaring Greek under the latter.

In Dr. Newbigin's view, the settlement of 1913 was defective from the geographical standpoint in assigning the Vardar basin almost entirely to Greece and Serbia, whereas its climate makes it Slavic, while its people are Bulgarian. Bulgaria was left limited in every direction, being cut back further than before from the mouth of the Danube, blocked by Turkish possessions from free access to the mouth of the Maritza, and shut off completely from the mouth of the Struma. Nor was Serbia satisfied, since she failed to reach the sea. In concluding she suggests that Bulgaria receive free access to the sea along the last two rivers, together with the Vardar Valley. She remains discreetly silent as to the ownership of Salonica. Greece might be com-

pensated for cessions to Bulgaria by the gift of southern Albania. Serbia should receive an outlet to the Adriatic through the rough basin of the Drin in northern Albania, and should also be enlarged westward as far as the Narenta. Dalmatia and Croatia, however, for strategic and religious reasons, should be left to Austria-Hungary.

This solution is open to the criticism that in partitioning Albania and the Albanian people between Greeks and Serbs, it departs from the principles of both geography and nationality, the only two principles which seem to offer hope of a Balkan settlement. The same may be said in regard to the sharing between Austria-Hungary and Serbia of the block of land which includes Serbia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Croatia, and Dalmatia: substantially that part of the drainage basin of the middle Danube which lies south of the Drave and the great river. This region belongs geographically and economically with Austria-Hungary, and is prevailingly inhabited by a single nationality, the Serbo-Croats. The criteria would be better satisfied if Albania were kept undivided, and, in view of its backward condition, were given to the tutelage of a Western Power, as Italy; and if the Serbo-Croatian region as a whole became an autonomous part of the Hapsburg Empire: neither Albania nor "Slavonia" possesses at present the spiritual unity which would make independence successful.

The fact that great estates conducted on the principle of tenant-farming prevail in Thessaly and Bosnia (and, it may be added, in Rumania), while Serbia and Bulgaria have for the most part peasant proprietors, is probably due not to defects and excellences of the respective governments, but to the varying circumstances that arose during the emancipation from Turkish rule.

CREDITORS AND DEBTORS.

The Rights and Remedies of Creditors Respecting their Debtor's Property. By Garrard Glenn. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$3 net.

This is a rare book. It covers a broad field, but is not big. It is original, though it embraces topics upon which many volumes have been written. It is the first attempt to coördinate the "various statutes and doctrines which are scattered through the body of our law," and present them as a "system afforded by our jurisprudence for the realization of debts out of the debtor's property." Our legal literature abounds in treatises upon judgments and executions, upon receivers, upon assignments for the benefit of creditors, upon insolvency and bankruptcy proceedings. Such books contain a great deal of useful information. Mr. Glenn does not undertake to supplant them. He is not in competition with their authors. It is his distinction that he offers a synthesis of the legal principles set forth in treatises of this kind and hitherto looked upon as rather loosely related one to another.

The ordinary method afforded by the common law to the creditor for enforcing his claim against a delinquent debtor was by judgment and execution. But a common-law execution could be levied on such assets only as a law court recognized as property. It could not reach equitable interests in lands or chattels, nor choses in action. To get at such forms of property, the creditor was compelled to file a bill in equity. Again, the debtor could defeat the creditor's remedy by execution by giving or fraudulently granting the legal title to his property to another. In such cases, also, the creditor was forced to go into equity, in order to set aside the voluntary or fraudulent conveyance, and thus remove the obstacle which the recalcitrant debtor had put in the creditor's way of enforcing his execution. The common law had no thought of distributing the property of an insolvent debtor ratably among his creditors. Its policy was to reward the vigilant creditor and leave the slothful one to his fate. Equity followed the law in this respect. It recognized the priority gained by an alert creditor in his race with others for judgment and execution, or for a creditor's bill. It also recognized the validity of a debtor's assignment of his property for the benefit of creditors, even when it preferred some creditors to others. "Both equity and law," to use Mr. Glenn's words, "gave the creditor who availed himself of the respective remedies which they afforded a priority of satisfaction over all creditors who should later institute proceedings in their own behalf. Upon this foundation has been constructed an enormous body of doctrine whose outlines" are presented in the first half of his treatise.

This body of law is characterized by Mr. Glenn as "the selfish system of realization," and is contrasted with the system of equal distribution, which has superseded the older remedies in many cases, and which, he thinks, has within itself forces that make for progress portending still further encroachments.

The doctrine of equal distribution of the debtor's property is important to the creditor only when the debtor is insolvent. If there is property enough to pay all debts in full, one creditor suffers no legal harm from an earlier judgment and execution by another. But if the property is insufficient to satisfy all claims, the question arises, "Is it fair that one creditor should be paid in full while others get nothing?" Modern legislation and judicial decisions are answering this question in the negative. Perhaps the most original and instructive chapters in this book are those in which the author traces the growth of the system of equality of distribution and explains the theory upon which courts and legislatures have proceeded in its development. It is impossible within the limits of this review to present an adequate synopsis of Mr. Glenn's discussion. Clearly, his views are the result of an extensive experience in winding up insolvent estates as well as of a thorough study of cases and statutes.

Gift Books

As was to be expected, there have been few gift books issued this year. The handsome importations which usually form a considerable part of the Christmas book trade have for the most part been forestalled by the war. London economy, we may well believe, will not permit the luxury of fine editions, and even American publishers have gone in more for substance than for show. We have selected a few volumes which, though not all are issued specifically as such, may be grouped in this class and may be recommended as worthy remembrances of the season.

In "The Glory of Belgium" (Doran; \$5 net) Roger Ingpen describes the relics of mediæval Belgium. He admits in the introduction that, though he has spoken of these monuments as still extant, "in some cases the past tense will have to be substituted for the present." Yet just because his account refers to the situation before the war, the book will have added value. Its special feature is twenty plates in color by W. L. Bruckman, who fortunately gives us several scenes in and about Louvain.

From Dodd, Mead & Co. comes an attractive edition of Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York," issued at \$2 net, in which may be found in engaging wash drawings by Maxfield Parrish our old friends Peter Stuyvesant and the other worthies of those times. The ancient motto of the text applies equally to the drawings:

De waarheid die in duister lag
Die komt met faarheid aan den dag.

Though put forth in a limited edition, we take it that "Historic Virginia Homes and Churches" (Lippincott; \$7.50 net), by Robert A. Lancaster, jr., will appeal to more readers than those residing within the limits of the Old Dominion. In a descriptive text of above 500 pages the author has placed 317 photographic illustrations, for the most part the work of his own rambles among Colonial churches, court houses, taverns, and the other landmarks which are wrought into the history of Virginia.

"Bypaths in Arcady" is a book of love songs, by Kendall Banning, with illustrations in photogravure by Lejaren A. Hiller. It is published by Brothers of the Book, Chicago. In an introductory note John W. Alexander calls attention to the difficulties which have to be overcome in the production of photogravures and to the success which on the whole this collection has achieved.

That well-known expert in gems, Dr. George Frederick Kunz, is the author of a fascinating study entitled "The Magic of Jewels and Charms," which has just come from the press of Lippincott (\$5 net). In this volume Dr. Kunz takes the reader through the mazes of superstition and legend concerning precious stones which have grown up from the beginning of time. As such lore touches the history of all professions the book should appeal to the general public, and will undoubtedly be sought out by the scholar. It is a gift book with much more to commend it than ornamental value, though on this side alone it is an excellent bit of work.

A book which real Americans will welcome in these years when every nation is taking to heart its culture and traditions is "Old Concord" (Little, Brown; \$3 net), by Allen

French. The historical matter has been drawn from standard works, and the facts concerning persons of literary note from their own writings. Among the best features of the volume are drawings of old landmarks by Lester G. Hornby.

"On Wednesday, November 25, 1914, the workmen who were digging among the fire-scarred ruins at the extreme northeast corner of old College Hall unearthed a buried treasure. . . . It was the first stone laid in the foundation of Wellesley College. There was no ceremony when it was laid, and there were no guests. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fowle Durant came up the hill on a summer morning—Friday, August 18, 1871, was the day—and with the help of the workmen set the stone in its place." "The Story of Wellesley" (Little, Brown; \$2 net), by Florence Converse, gives a comprehensive sketch of the forty-four years following upon that day in which this institution has taken a foremost place in the education of women. The book includes a number of striking illustrations by Norman Irving Black.

We can not recommend too highly as a choice but inexpensive Christmas gift the "Dreamthorp, with Selections from Last Leaves" of Alexander Smith, which is reprinted by the Oxford University Press and issued at one shilling net. A few of the chapter headings—"On the Writing of Essays," "On Death and the Fear of Dying," "On the Importance of a Man to Himself," "Books and Gardens," "On Vagabonds"—will be enough to indicate to those not yet familiar with them the substance of these delectable papers.

We are glad to mention in passing (reserving fuller notice for a later date) Stephen Graham's "The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary," which the Macmillans have just issued at \$2 net. It is a book of very readable essays on Russia by one who, of course, has made that country much his own.

A delightful volume of essays by Ian Hay, "The Lighter Side of School Life," is published in a second edition by Le Roy Phillips (Boston; \$1.50), with illustrations by Lewis Baumer. These, in pastel, are so charmingly delicate and so amusing in themselves that one is ready to overlook the fact that they have no direct relation to the text. The book is dedicated to members of "the most responsible, the least advertised, the worst paid, and the most richly rewarded profession in the world." By these, wherever found, despite the fact that the life dealt with is wholly that of an English public school, the essays will be highly regarded. Boys are the same the world over, and so, in the main, are masters, and as for parents—*genus irritans*—as every schoolmaster knows, they are a nuisance always and everywhere. Those who are familiar with the adventures of the English Government in its various attempts at paternalism in educational matters will chuckle delightedly over the chapter on The Pursuit of Knowledge, and every schoolmaster will echo the conviction of the teacher, compelled by sickness to absent himself from his class, that "whoever of his colleagues is told off to take his form for him will indubitably undo the work of many years within a few hours."

John Martin Hammond has turned a field heretofore only lightly scratched in his "Quaint and Historic Forts of North America" (Philadelphia: Lippincott; \$5 net). Mr. Hammond gives an exhaustive survey of his sub-

ject. Including Canada, and even Havana, as well as the United States, he tells the story of the strongholds of the country and the part that they have played in the careers of the early English, French, and Spanish adventurers, in the Revolution and the War of 1812, and in the Civil and Indian Wars. The book is written in exceedingly readable style, and is freely illustrated with excellent photographs.

A volume that will delight some and pique others of the ever multiplying descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers is Anna Hollingsworth Wharton's "English Ancestral Homes of Noted Americans," published by Lippincott with two kinds of binding, *viz.*, for descendants of the Pilgrims mentioned, half morocco, \$4.50; for others, cloth, \$2, net. Flippancy aside, this is a book that was well worth the writing, and that will be appreciated by all Americans who still value the Anglo-Saxon traditions of their race. Here are the originals of many good American names—the less distinguished, as well as the Franklins, the Penns, and the Washingtons—traced back to the dwellings in the home country where their ancestors had lived before them, and whence they set out to found a new empire. Miss Wharton writes in her usual engaging style, and the book is profusely illustrated with photographs.

"The Golden Legend," selected and edited by George V. O'Neill, S.J., professor of English in University College, Dublin, is issued by the Cambridge University Press (Putnam) for 3s. net. The selection is of twenty-two lives from Caxton's translation from the thirteenth century Latin of Jacobus de Voragine, and the editor's object, as stated, has been to prepare a popular, though not unscholarly, edition. The volume is accompanied by a biographical introduction and short notes.

In fitting commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Lincoln's death, Osborn H. Oldroyd has brought together under the title, "The Poet's Lincoln" (published by the author at "the House Where Lincoln Died," Washington, D. C.; \$1), a large number of tributes in verse to the martyred President. An introduction on "The Poetic Spirit of Lincoln" is contributed by Marion Mills Miller. It would be easy to think of a number of poetical tributes of comparatively recent date which might have been included in the volume, but the editor had to be guided to a certain extent by considerations of space, and his selection on the whole is judicious and representative. The value of the volume is considerably enhanced by the large number of portraits of the President and illustrations of events connected with his career and with his death and burial. Brief biographies are also given of the authors of the poems.

The Putnams have published a handsome volume by Mrs. John Lang, entitled "A Book of Myths," with really beautiful illustrations in color by Helen Stratton. Mrs. Lang retells in singularly attractive style all of the celebrated and some of the less-known legends of the Greek mythology and a number of the northern myths as well. The volume is intended, according to the publishers' announcement, especially for young people. For them we can imagine no more fascinating reading; but the usefulness and charm of Mrs. Lang's book need by no means be confined to the young; many elders whose mythological lore has grown rusty will welcome so attractive a compendium as this, and in

reading of the youth of the world will gladly renew their own.

To "A Book of Bridges," published by John Lane Company (\$6), Frank Brangwyn has contributed thirty-six impressionistic water-color views of famous bridges in Europe, and as many equally impressionistic sketches in black-and-white. Some of the water-colors are of great beauty, a few are distinctly muddy in color and texture, and the same is true of many of the pen-and-ink sketches, in which half-lights and shades are ignored, and clouds, water, earth, and stone have the same texture of nearly solid black. These faults—which are perhaps virtues in the eyes of critics of the advanced modern school—are, however, redeemed by the vigor and beauty of many of the views and the breadth of handling and sureness of drawing in nearly all.

The text, in five chapters and two appendices, by Walter Shaw Sparrow (who calls himself a "pontist" and his studies "pontism"), is a singular mixture of historic and scientific information, sentimental ramblings, and military furor. Mr. Sparrow is obsessed with the idea of "preparedness" in its most aggravated form, and the design of every modern bridge, without exception, is condemned as an easy prey to hostile engines of destruction. He waxes eloquent over the folly of building the Eads bridge at St. Louis, without regard to its military value and the danger of a negro uprising. "The black race breeds rapidly, and some day it may breed a great soldier, a dark Napoleon, who will find it no difficult task to organize a widespread society of bridge-wreckers. . . . What if one of them" [the steel arches] "was [sic] destroyed at a time when the double railway track over the river, and the wide roadway above for other traffic, were necessary to bring reinforcements to a stricken army?" Alas, "not a scrap of attention did he" [Captain Eads] "pay to military matters." "Every bridge in the United States is a target of this sort in one form or another." We may expect our militaristic shouters for preparedness to inaugurate presently, with the help of Mr. Sparrow's vaticinations, a new campaign for a half billion of dollars with which to fortify several thousand bridges, just as a starter! Apart from this hysteria over defence the book contains much curious and interesting information; the author has travelled widely and studied an extensive body of literature on his subject. It is unfortunate that this information is so confused in arrangement and so encumbered by irrelevant divagations as to be of little value to the serious student, in spite of a copious and entertaining index.

The second edition of Mr. W. H. Koebel's "Argentina, Past and Present" (Macmillan; \$5 net) calls for no lengthy comment. The unstatistical character of the work has necessitated little revision, for the changes in Argentina during the last few years, great as they are, have been rather in magnitude than in kind. Of significant changes noted, the most striking is the removal of the United States as a competitor in the business of importing meat. An additional chapter on Buenos Aires amplifies and brings up to date the sketch of the crowded life of the Southern metropolis. The distinctly new feature of the volume is the introduction of a series of colored illustrations well in keeping with the descriptive text. The first edition appeared in 1911.

Notes

T. Fisher Unwin, London, announces the publication of "The Psychology of Leadership," by Abdul Majid.

A volume of J. A. K. Thomson's essays is published by George Allen & Unwin, London, under the title, "The Greek Tradition."

Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, will publish shortly a children's phantasy, introducing the garden bronzes of children in the Fine Arts Colonnade of the San Francisco Exposition. It will be entitled "Little Bronze Playfellows," and is written by Stella G. S. Perry.

The following announcement of new and forthcoming books is made by the University of Chicago Press: "A Short History of Belgium," by Leon van der Essen; "Individuality in Organisms" (University of Chicago Science series), by Charles Manning Child; "Public Libraries and Literary Culture in Ancient Rome," by Clarence E. Boyd; "Parts of the Body in Older Germanic and Scandinavian," by Torild W. Arnoldson.

Were it not for the title, and for the name Pyeshkov that runs through it, one might think Maxim Gorky's "My Childhood" (Century Co.; \$2 net) a typical piece of Gorky's fiction. The atmosphere of the volume is expressed in one of its own sentences: "A smell of rottenness, warm and woolly, like a sheep's fleece, crept in at the window" (p. 370). It is a tale of misery, at times physical, as when the child is cruelly and maliciously beaten by his grandfather, and always acutely moral. The lad witnesses the continual quarrels, extending to blows and worse, of his grandfather and his two uncles; he watches his grandfather beat his grandmother about the head; he attempts to stab his stepfather when that youth kicks his wife, the boy's mother, in the breast. He gradually learns of his mother's passionate, pleasure-loving, erring nature, over which he scarcely throws a mantle of decent reserve. He relates how his drunken uncles once tried to murder his father by pushing him into a hole through the ice and stamping on his fingers as he clutched at the edges. The father, fortunately sober, kept his face above water in the centre of the pool, and clambered out when his tormentors had left him to drown. Then he not only refused to denounce his brothers-in-law to the police, but contrived a story that would hide their guilt.

This most sordid narrative receives pathos and literary power from a strange, yearning tone which runs through it, and which is implied rather than directly expressed. The boy loves his kindly, drunken grandmother, whose gentle God of forgiveness he contrasts with the cruel, formalistic God to whom his grandfather prays. The lad's world is hideous, but from it he knows that there must spring something better:

As I remember these oppressive horrors of our wild Russian life, I ask myself often whether it is worth while to speak of them. And then, with restored confidence, I answer myself—"It is worth while because it is actual, vile fact, which has not died out, even in these days—a fact which must be traced to its origin, and pulled up by the root from the memories, the souls of the people, and from our narrow, sordid lives."

And there is another and more important reason impelling me to describe these horrors. Although they are so disgusting, although they oppress us and crush many beautiful souls to death, yet the Russian is still so healthy and young in heart that he can and does rise above them. For in this amazing life of ours not only does the animal side of our nature flourish and grow fat, but with this animalism there has grown up, triumphant in spite of it, bright, healthful, and creative—a type of humanity which inspires us to look forward to our regeneration, to the time when we shall all live peacefully and humanely (p. 346).

In one of his letters Dostoevski complains that Turgeneff and Tolstoy write "no more than 'Landed-proprietors' literature." And that kind of literature has said all it had to say—particularly well in the case of Leo Tolstoy. The remark was absolutely true at the time it was made, in 1871, though Tolstoy later showed that his genius was not bounded by the world of landed-proprietors to which he himself belonged. The Russia of "War and Peace" and "A House of Gentlefolk" is a thing of the past. The new Russia, inchoate and wretched, has produced no voices comparable to those of the older time. Gorky and his successors have not the calm power of Turgeneff and Tolstoy. But perhaps Gorky, with his faithful picture of a dark undercurrent of Russian life, and his note of hope, if hardly of cheer, may prove to be a prophet of a finer literature to come, as well as of a better social order.

There recently appeared from the Government Printing Office at Washington a new report on the fur seals of the Pribilof Islands ("The Fur Seals and Other Life of the Pribilof Islands, Alaska, in 1914," by Wilfred H. Osgood, Edward A. Preble, and George H. Parker. Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office), which, if not the final word, is at least the latest word on the much-vexed problem which these animals represent. The present Commission was chosen at the request of the Secretary of Commerce by the National Academy of Sciences, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Secretary of Agriculture, in order that its personnel might be free from contact with past controversies. The report restates in admirable manner the essential facts of seal life, and it is profusely illustrated with excellent photographs and rookery charts. Interest in the report, however, centres almost exclusively in the conclusions of the Commission regarding the suspension of land sealing provided for in the Fur Seal law of 1912. It will be remembered that in 1911 the United States obtained the coöperation of Great Britain, Japan, and Russia in a treaty suspending pelagic sealing, the recognized cause of the herd's decline. In return for this suspension the United States agreed to share with Canada and Japan its commercial catch of male seals taken on land. In enacting the law necessary to give this treaty effect, Congress, in 1912, added a provision suspending land sealing, and consequently the commercial catch, for five years, providing also for its curtailment for nine further years, in all fourteen years, just one year less than the full life of the treaty.

Investigations made in 1912 and 1913, and reported to the Secretary of Commerce, indicated clearly the futile and wasteful nature of the suspension of land sealing, but these reports were put aside as biased and influenced by past controversies. The new Com-

mission was sent to review the work. This is what the Commission of 1914 has to say regarding the law:

The condition of the fur seal herd in 1914, as set forth in this report, is such that resumption of commercial sealing on a moderate scale in 1915 could be undertaken with confidence that the protection and growth of the herd would not be jeopardized in the slightest degree (p. 103).

The blue fox industry, capable of yielding \$50,000 or more per annum, is reduced to small proportions through lack of seal meat for food.

The continued suspension of sealing . . . will cause an estimated minimum loss of \$2,700,000.

The suspension of sealing prevents the immediate determination of the proportion of seals which naturally survive to killable age—a most vexed and vital matter.

The law now offers no compensations for its many disadvantages (p. 105).

There are good reasons both from the standpoint of economy and from that of the welfare of the herd to resume commercial sealing at once (p. 148).

It is hard to see how a more complete indictment of the law of 1912 could be made. The criticisms are all moderately stated. Plainly it was the intent and hope of the Commission of 1914 that immediate steps would be taken to effect repeal of the law, even in time to save the commercial catch of 1915. The investigation was concluded in August, 1914. The report is dated January 23, 1915. It reached Congress only on February 17, in the closing days of the long session, too late for action. The commercial catch of 1915 is also wasted—in addition to the similar waste for 1913 and 1914. The fate of this report is quite in keeping with that of all scientific work done in recent years for the Government in the fur seal matter.

Mr. William S. Lloyd, of Germantown, Philadelphia, has issued a "Catalogue of various editions of Robinson Crusoe and other books by and referring to Daniel Defoe" which at once takes its place beside the work of Hermann Ullrich as an indispensable guide to Defoe bibliography. The pamphlet is not too carefully printed, and some of the assumptions in the notes—for instance, that, because few copies of the second edition of Crusoe have been found it must have been a small edition—are dubious. But as collector Mr. Lloyd has been singularly successful. He has paid his chief attention to "Robinson Crusoe" and, though he has copies in thirty-five other tongues, to editions of that book in English; but of English Crusoes he has gone far towards realizing his boyhood ambition to own the largest number of copies that could possibly be collected. The list includes 277 items, not all separate, but each, in some way or other, distinct. Cox's abridgment of 1719 is lacking; so are the abridgment of 1724 and the issues of 1726. There are seven printings of the first part and three of the second, for 1719. Special attention has been given to obtaining all the issues published by Taylor. But in an introductory letter from Professor Trent there is announced for the first time the existence of a second issue of the so-called fourth edition, which Mr. Lloyd has yet to find.

Norman Duncan's "Australian Byways" (Harper; \$1.75 net) is a good book for the busy man to have at hand when he needs a five minutes' pause for diversion or amusement. Only now and then are any of its fifty-one bits of chapters linked by any closer relation than their general geographic background, and one may read at the random

opening of the book without loss. Chapter headings like *The Scowling Man*, *The Melancholy Landlady*, and *The Sentimental Smithy* point the reader to some very effective bits of impressionistic characterization. Stories of the old gold-seekers, brave exploits of British police officers in arresting native criminals, uncanny feats of the "black trackers," whims of camels and cannibals, native sorceries and superstitions, with countless other subjects, have each their little turn and then pass out of sight. One picks up in two or three chapters the story, common to the annals of British colonization in various parts of the world, of the vital change which has taken place in the official attitude towards native populations, substituting the orderly administration of justice and the rendering of substantial material aid for the old disposition to look at the "blackfellows" in much the same light as the bushes in the jungle which must be cut and burned to prepare the soil for the plough. In this more enlightened policy the Queensland Mounted Police have established a record for character and efficiency something like that of the corresponding force in Canada, which deals so successfully with the Indians and half-breeds of the wild Northwest. In his characteristic way, Mr. Duncan gives us just a hint of all this in the few deft strokes with which he pictures the shocked surprise of a Queensland inspector on learning that a Police Inspector of New York was actually in custody, charged on apparently good evidence with complicity in a murder.

The first volume of Treitschke's masterpiece "*Deutsche Geschichte im neunzehnten Jahrhundert*" has now appeared in an English translation by Eden and Cedar Paul (McBride, Nast; \$3.25 net). It is to be followed by five more volumes at intervals during the coming year. Thus the war is responsible for the production of a work which should have been available in English years ago. The translation is acceptably done; much of the ardor and eloquence of the original has indeed evaporated, but that was inevitable. The late Professor Cramb spoke of Treitschke as a combination of Carlyle and Macaulay, uniting the turbulent rhetoric and moral fervor of the one with the popular lucidity of the other. The translators have acted wisely in not seeking to reproduce such a combination of qualities. Their rendering is faithful without being too literal; only rarely does an awkward sounding sentence occur. They might have noted, however, that *Pathos* does not mean "pathos," as it has been several times rendered. The publishers state by way of recommendation that this early work of Treitschke is not to be confounded with the truculent chauvinistic pamphlets and utterances of his later years. Nevertheless, in this first volume, which begins with a wistful reminiscence of the old German Empire and ends with a stirring panegyric on the War of Liberation and that new glory of German history, "*das Volk in Waffen*," Treitschke already displays at times a type of patriotism which is repellently sectarian. The reader will easily appreciate his proud boast that he wrote only for Germans. Even here there are many indications of those three sentiments with which he has so thoroughly infected modern Germany: glorification of war, jealous hatred of England, and contempt for small states. The short introduction by William H. Dawson, perhaps the best English authority on things German, is a model of restraint and

propriety in war-time. Each volume of the translation is to have a separate index—an advantage which the original does not possess.

"*Le Pangermanisme*" (Paris: Librairie Armand Colin; 50 centimes), by Charles Andler, professor of economics in the University of Paris, is one of the interesting series of "*Etudes et Documents sur la Guerre*," to which Bédier's pamphlet has formed hitherto the most noteworthy contribution. The brochure at once suggests to an American reader a comparison with Professor Usher's much discussed book. It is, of course, far more modest in scope and contains less speculation. On the other hand, it excels in the precision of its information. We learn, for instance, that the Pangermanic League, a definite organization of agitators, was formed in 1891 under the leadership of Dr. Karl Peters. This small but noisy band prosecuted its propaganda with unrelenting vigor, in spite of obloquy and ridicule, and eventually succeeded in leavening public opinion through such popular auxiliary organizations as the Navy League, the Colonial Society, etc. It is Professor Andler's opinion that Pan-Germanism virtually began with the "*neuer Kurs*" inaugurated by William II when he dismissed Bismarck, and that the year 1897 marks the definite conversion of Germany to an imperialistic policy. The author knows the currents of German politics intimately and seems to have mastered the extensive and variegated literature of his subject. In reply to the objection that most of the Pangermanic utterances were irresponsibly freakish, he argues with much plausibility that the German Government tacitly sanctioned the agitation for many years and gradually conformed its policy to the programme of the party. As is natural in a Frenchman, Professor Andler devotes considerable space to the Moroccan question. Much of what he says here is rendered superfluous if we accept at its face value the recent frank disclosure of Dr. Paul Rohrbach, an unimpeachable authority, that Germany's interference in Morocco was based on neither rights nor genuine aspirations, but was only a feint in order to obtain concessions elsewhere—e. g., in Central Africa. There is a short appendix on Pangermanism in Austria and Panmagyarism in Hungary.

HOLIDAY BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

Publishers would be well advised at this season if they were to devote more attention than they do to producing attractive editions of juvenile classics. Few of these have come before us this year. Houghton Mifflin publishes a charming edition of Charles Kingsley's perennially fascinating "*Water Babies*" (\$2 net), illustrated in color and black and white by that clever artist, W. Heath Robinson. From the press of Harper & Brothers we have an admirably printed edition, with illustrations by Louis Rhead, of Stevenson's "*Treasure Island*." Louisa M. Alcott's "*Little Women*" is illustrated in color by Jessie Willcox Smith, and republished now by Little, Brown & Company. Ginn & Company are responsible for two unpretentious but convenient and welcome volumes, Lamb's "*Tales from Shakespeare*" (48 cents) and Wyss's "*The Swiss Family Robinson*" (50 cents), the former accompanied by illustrations made from the outline plates in the Valpy Shakespeare, the latter illustrated by J. H. Stickney.

Oscar Wilde's collection of fairy stories in "A House of Pomegranates," which Wilde himself described, characteristically, as "intended neither for the British child nor the British public," is issued in a handsome edition by Brentano's (\$3.75 net).

Second only in merit as literature for children to the well-tryed volumes of the type that we have mentioned we may class certain kinds of anthologies. Such a volume is the selection of "Famous Old Tales," arranged by Henry Cabot Lodge and published by Houghton Mifflin (45 cents). This consists of a dozen of the best-known and most respectable English fairy stories, beginning with "Jack the Giant-Killer" and concluding with the tale of Whittington and his cat. Two other collections of fairy stories are Anna Alice Chapin's "The Everyday Fairy Book" (Dodd, Mead; \$2 net) and "Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know," edited by Hamilton Wright Mable, with illustrations by Mary Hamilton Frye (Doubleday, Page; \$2 net). We may mention also under this head another publication by Ginn & Company, Robert Edward Francillon's "Gods and Heroes" (48 cents), which gives a good elementary idea of Greek and Roman mythology, and William Morris's "Stories from the Earthly Paradise," retold in prose by C. S. Evans (Longmans; \$1.50 net). An anthology of verse for children which we can cordially recommend is Louey Chisholm's "The Golden Staircase," published by Putnams and effectively illustrated by M. Dibdin Spooner. Good also is the plan of Kate Dickinson Sweetser's "Ten Great Adventurers," which records the exploits of such typical historical heroes as Francis Drake, John Paul Jones, and Giuseppe Garibaldi. The volume, which is published by Harpers (\$1.50 net), is fittingly illustrated by George Alfred Williams. Another historical book, but in more fictional form, is Commander Thomas D. Parker's "Young Heroes of the American Navy" (W. A. Wilde Company; \$1 net).

Juvenile fiction appears to be as plentiful as the adult article. The camp and the boy and girl scout movement are the inspiration of several volumes, among which we may mention "Smuggler's Island," by Clarissa A. Kneeland (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.25 net); "The Camp Fire Girls of Brightwood," by Amy E. Blanchard (W. A. Wilde Company; \$1 net); "Boy Scouts of the Wildcat Patrol," by Walter Prichard Eaton (W. A. Wilde Company; \$1 net), and "Camp Bob's Hill," by Charles P. Burton (Holt; \$1.25 net). Historical in atmosphere is "Our Little Norman Cousin of Long Ago," by Evalene Stein (Boston: Page); quite modern and somewhat sociological is Inez Haynes Gillmore's "The Ollivant Orphans" (Holt; \$1.35 net), and the same may be said of "His Big Brother," by Lewis and Mary Theiss (W. A. Wilde Company; \$1 net); modern, too, is "Surprise Island" (Harper; 50 cents), James H. Kennedy's treatment of Indians and fairies. Harpers publish "Robin the Bobbin," by Vale Downie (80 cents net). On the romantic side, yet not quite touching the domain of Fairyland, we have "The Kingdom of the Winding Road," by Cornelia Meigs (Macmillan; \$1.25 net). Across the border of modern Fairyland is Abbie Farwell Brown's "Kissing Town" (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.25 net), while "Oliver and the Crying Chip," by Nancy Miles Durrant (Sherman, French; \$1 net), would probably not have been written but for Lewis Carroll's White Rabbit. For children under twelve we have "The Mexican Twins," by

Lucy Fitch Perkins (Houghton Mifflin; \$1 net), and "Tommy Tregennis," by Mary E. Phillips (Dutton; \$2 net), the last pleasantly illustrated and well printed, suitable for reading aloud. "The Big Brother Play-Book" (Little, Brown; 50 cents) presents the favorite fables of Mrs. Laura E. Richards in dramatic form, suitable for acting by children, and Elsie Hobart Carter's "Christmas Candles" (Holt; \$1.50 net) contains a dozen acting plays appropriate to the season. "Beth's Old Home," by Marion Ames Taggart (W. A. Wilde Company; \$1.25 net), is a story for young girls.

Under the heading, "Entertainingly Informative," we may class such volumes as: "Tell-Me-Why Stories About Color and Sound," by C. H. Claudy (McBride; \$1.25 net); "Object Lessons for the Cradle Roll" (Pilgrim Press; \$1), by Frances Weld Danielson, and two books of elementary nature-study done in fairy-tale form, by Thornton W. Burgess, "Mother West Wind 'Why' Stories" (Little, Brown), and "Tommy and the Wishing Stone" (Century; \$1 net). More ambitious and more advanced is "The Children's Book of Birds," by Oliver Thorne Miller (Houghton Mifflin; \$2 net), which has excellent illustrations. "What Shall We Read to the Children?" (Houghton Mifflin; \$1 net) is a book of guidance for parents, by Miss Clara W. Hunt, head of the children's department in the Brooklyn Public Library.

For younger children we may list the following: "Who's Who in the Land of Nod," by Sarah Sanderson Vanderbilt (Houghton Mifflin; \$1 net), charmingly illustrated by Ruby Winckler; "Nixie Bunny in Holiday-Land," by Joseph C. Sindelar (Chicago: Beckley-Cardy Company; 40 cents); "The Bunnikins Bunnies' Christmas Tree," by Edith B. Davidson (Houghton Mifflin); "The Sleepy Song Book," verse by various authors, music by H. A. J. Campbell, illustrations by Anne Anderson (McBride; \$2 net); "Still More Russian Picture Tales," really entertaining tales in pictures for children by Valery Carrick, translated by Nevill Forbes (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell); "The Wishing Fairies," by Madge A. Bigham, illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory (Dodd, Mead; 75 cents net); "The Bylow Bunnies," by Grace May North (Fenno); "Little Miss Muffett Abroad," by Alice E. Ball, short verses on various countries with appropriate illustrations by H. Boylston Dummer (Pilgrim Press; \$1 net); "Uncle Wiggily Longears," by Howard R. Garis, illustrated by Edward Bloomfield (Fenno; \$1.50 net); "Tales to be Told to Children," by Mary Dickerson Donahey (Chicago: Howell Co.; 75 cents net). For children of mechanical or artistic turn of mind we have William Ludlum's "The Scissors Book" (Putnam; \$1 net), and Clifford Leon Sherman's "The Dot Circus" (Houghton Mifflin; \$1 net).

Attention may be drawn to two series which lie before us. The Little Folks series has a distinct educational value. Three sets, each consisting of four volumes, have been issued under the editorship of Dorothy Donnell Calhoun (Abingdon Press; 25 cents net a volume): "Little Folks of the Bible," "Little Folks in Art," and "Little Folks from Literature." The general scope of the series may be indicated by quoting the sub-titles of the four volumes in the "Little Folks of the Bible": "Boys of the New Testament," "Girls of the Bible," "Boys in the Days of the Prophets," "Boys in Patriarchal Homes." In the volumes devoted to literature, quota-

tions dealing with children are given from various authors, and at the end of each piece of text is appended a list of questions designed to test a child's intelligent understanding of what has been read. The other series is the Pogány Nursery Book in four volumes, "The Gingerbread Man," "Little Mother Goose," "The Children in Japan," and "Cinderella" (Robert M. McBride; 50 cents net each). Willy Pogány's pictures are so well known and so excellent as to need no endorsement. The text accompanying the pictures, supplied by various authors, is generally well done.

The hero of Ian Hay's delightful piece of humor, "Scally" (Houghton Mifflin; 75 cents), is a puppy which came to its owners from a pond, dragging a brick behind it, and grew up to be a *monstrum informum ingens*. Of the brief adventures of the dog and his masters, and of the part played by the hero in the wooing of Eileen and the poor curate, the little book is made, and there they may be read in a happy half-hour. Scally, we may observe, is brief for Excalibur, the name chosen by said Eileen for the dog because, like Tennyson's mystic blade, he "rose from out the bosom of the lake." We fear his origin was otherwise obscure, and if his family tree, like that of one of Thackeray's characters, did not show an ancestor *suspensus per col.*, he himself may be said to have entered fiction *submersus* by the same organ; but he enacts well the rôle ascribed to him in the sub-title of his biography, "a perfect gentleman."

Science

RESEARCHES IN MARINE BIOLOGY.

Papers from the Tortugas Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Vol. VI. Publication 183. Washington: The Carnegie Institution.

The present volume of highly specialized studies may be taken to represent one of the periodic fruits of research in a single field, that of marine biology, or as the index of the work of a great instrument designed for the advancement and diffusion of knowledge among men. Viewed in either way, this collection of papers reflects credit upon all concerned, for it represents biology in its fullest sense, in which physiological and morphological problems are attacked by the best modern resources of technique and experiment.

The director of the Tortugas Laboratory, Dr. Alfred G. Mayer, contributes three important papers upon the effects of temperature, nerve-conduction, and loss of weight in marine organisms, followed by others on regeneration, after removal of the nervous system, fusion-experiments in marine larvae, permeation of tissues by alkalis, protozoan parasites, and the development of dimorphic spermatozoa in mollusks.

Prof. Ulric Dahlgren presents an interesting study of one of the electric fishes, the African Gymnarchus. Of the seven fishes known to produce electricity, two of which are elasmobranchs, this remarkable teleost is said to be the rarest. Some of its em-

bryos that were placed at the author's disposal were collected, we are told, by Dr. Samuel Budgett, an Englishman, "under conditions of sickness and hardship that few white men could stand," who lost his life as a result of this and other African experiences. Some may remember that fifteen years ago another young and enthusiastic zoologist, an American, Dr. Nathan R. Harrington, also lost his life while engaged in a similar quest.

The *Gymnarchus* resembles a small or very short eel, having a long, pointed snout and a heavy dorsal fin that runs along the back to near the tip of its attenuated tail. When swimming backward, says the author, the animal uses this sensitive pointer like a finger to feel its way. The actual extremity of this "finger-tip" is somewhat blunt, and contains "the largest and best-developed portion of the electric organ, which fills the lateral parts of the body at this point almost to the exclusion of the ordinary muscle." The electricity-producing organ itself consists of four tubes or spindles, which traverse the hinder part of the body on either side and concentrate at the tail. These are disposed into an upper and a lower group, and lie as close to the skeleton as possible. Each spindle is composed of segments of a dense muscle-like substance, called the electroplaxes, embedded in a kind of "electric" tissue, which is highly vascular; moreover, the hinder ends of the electroplaxes are connected with medullated nerve-fibres, derived from the motor roots of the spinal nerves. The electric current, at the moment of discharge, would thus seem to travel from the tail towards the head.

Very little is yet known of the power of the shock which *Gymnarchus* can impart to man, but the native Arabs dread it to such an extent that they always give it a wide berth, especially at its nesting time. The electric organs are formed between the ninth and fortieth day and owe their development to a gradual transformation of certain striated muscles of the tail. The nerve-fibres supplying them originate in conspicuous electric-motor cells of the cord, and terminate in nerve-clubs which appear to be "embedded in an invagination of the surface rather than in a cavity in the substance of the electric layer."

The volume is concluded by a beautifully illustrated "History of the Spotted Eagle Ray," by Dr. E. W. Gudger. The eagle rays are rather prepossessing giants, and, owing to their remarkable color-patterns, are the most striking of all the flat-bodied selachians of North America. "Their wing-like, pointed pectoral fins" and "their long, slender, whip-like tails, armed with one or more serrated spines," not to speak of their jaws, filled with large pavement teeth, leave little chance for mistaken identity. This particular species, called by some of the old naturalists the Narinary, may be considered the "beauty" of the family; its whole upper surface is thickly studded with white, or bluish white, spots on a dark ground, while

below it is as white as snow. In some of the larger specimens recorded, the length and breadth were six feet, and the tail of the same dimensions, while another, taken off Cape Lookout in 1912, had a spread of seven feet seven inches.

Very striking variations have been noted in the color and marking of these huge rays; the spots are sometimes ocellate, having dark centres with white rings about them, and it was found that such eyed-spots were always due to partial or complete coalescence of two originally distinct markings, a process which often gives rise to many curious and bizarre effects. The living colors, as in many other fish and invertebrates, are evanescent or subject to profound change after the animals are removed from the water; thus, a freshly caught specimen was chestnut brown, with cream-colored spots, but when placed in a boat and only partly covered with water, the spots immediately whitened, while the parts exposed to the air turned black, and their spots blue. Transverse lines or bands sometimes appear on the upper parts of the body after death, but these proved to be due to underlying canals or blood-vessels, the coloring matters being brought to the surface in consequence of changes of tissue, especially when treated with preservatives.

Marcgrave, who described this fish in his "Natural History of Brazil" in 1648, declared that its flesh was of excellent flavor and sufficient to feed forty men; but while many Europeans have long since added the shark and the skate to their dietary, together with most things that crawl in the sea, Americans, who seldom venture beyond the list that custom prescribes, have as yet barely ventured to taste the mussel and the snail.

The editors of the volume of "Selected Papers, Surgical and Scientific, from the Writings of Roswell Park," late professor of surgery in the University of Buffalo and surgeon-in-chief to the Buffalo General Hospital (Buffalo: Courier Co.; \$3), have chosen from the numerous writings of Dr. Park such addresses and papers as will give a satisfactory idea of the wide range of his surgical endeavor and experience. Most of these are of interest only to the surgeon or the physician, but the student of the history of medicine or the layman who is interested in the progress of medicine in its social relations would find much to arrest the attention in *The Present Status of Antiseptic Surgery* (1882); *Surgery of the Brain, Based upon the Principles of Cerebral Localization* (1888); *The Parasitic Theory of the Aetiology of Carcinoma* (1893); *An Epitome of the History of Carcinoma* (1903); *The Next Twenty-five Years in Surgery* (1909), and *Conclusions Drawn from a Quarter-Century's Work in Brain Surgery* (1913). Of especial interest is the account, under the caption "Reminiscences of McKinley Week," of Dr. Park's experiences as a member of the medical staff responsible for the care of President McKinley at the time of his assassination in 1901 at the Buffalo Exposition. A memoir of Dr. Park by Dr. Charles G. Stockton and a bibliography of his principal writings complete the volume.

Drama

The Art of Acting

By J. RANKEN TOWSE.

Of these four booklets,* constituting the second series of Publications of the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University, all reprints, but old enough to be fresh, three are distinctly valuable and opportune for the authoritative pronouncements which they contain concerning that great art of acting which is so distinct from the mere miming offered as a substitute in the purely commercial theatre of to-day. Thus we have critical reviews by Prof. Fleeming Jenkin on the acting of Mrs. Siddons—based on the contemporary notes of Prof. G. J. Bell—and of Henry James on Benoit Constant Coquelin, together with Coquelin's own essay on his art, and the notable paper by Talma on the same subject. All of them may be studied with pleasure and profit. Naturally, they are not in complete accord on all the points which they discuss, or even on the most important point of all—that involving the truth or falsity of Diderot's famous paradox—but all agree that brains, conscientious study, and long practice are necessary prerequisites to the making of a great actor. The object of this article is to treat them more or less collectively, disregarding familiar, obvious, or insignificant matter, but dwelling especially upon the evidence affecting the vital question of interpretation. Can players, nearly all our modern stars, for example, who are content to express every character in the exact terms of their individual habits, rightly be called great actors? To this query the present writer would oppose an uncompromising negative.

This, of course, does not in the least mean that the personality of a great actor, modified or intensified, may not assert itself with splendid and appropriate effect in the presentation of a totally imaginative character. But it does contradict the quoted opinion of Henry Irving that the strong personality of the actor, plus technical skill, meant great acting. That is true only in particular cases—his own Mathias and Louis XI, for instance, in which there was no conflict between personality and conception. Irving was a great actor, but not in parts with which his aggressive personality was inharmonious. Prof. Fleeming Jenkin, a weighty critic, is inclined apparently to adopt his view. In his essay on Mrs. Siddons he points out that it is impossible to construct from the text of Shakespeare, or any other dram-

**The Illusion of the First Time in Acting.* By William Gillette. Introduction by George Arliss.

Art and the Actor. By Benoit Constant Coquelin. Introduction by Henry James.

Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth and Queen Katharine. By H. C. Fleeming Jenkin. Introduction by Brander Matthews.

Reflections on Acting. By Talma. Introduction by Henry Irving. Review by H. C. Fleeming Jenkin.

artist, an indisputable realization of the creator's ideal, which shall be the standard by which all imitations of it must or can be judged. That is true enough. It may even be admitted that a certain indefiniteness may exist even in the mind of the creator concerning many minor features—not the dominant outlines, however—of his imaginary personage. But in any attempted materialization he would demand that all subordinate, illuminative details should be in essential conformity with the fundamental intellectual, emotional, and physical characteristics of his conception. It does not follow that every adequate embodiment of it must be identical or closely similar. The Hamlets of Edwin Booth, Charles Fechter, and Forbes-Robertson differed greatly in aspect, design, and action, but each found its justification in the letter and spirit of the text, not in the reflected personality of the actor. Irving's impersonation, often brilliant in intellectual quality, was fatally disfigured by eccentric and inconsistent mannerisms, natural or acquired, but unrepressed. Fortunately, they were only a part of his remarkable personality. In the case of many less gifted actors, mannerisms are their only capital. It is a mere truism to say that the artistic range of an actor is defined by his mental and physical capacities, but genius, that divinely intuitive comprehension, can overcome many physical impediments, as Edmund Kean proved in *Othello*. He had the sympathetic vision that enabled him to see the soul of the Moor in the poet's text, and the fiery artistic zeal, in his supremest moments—the flashes of lightning—to make it his own. This is the histrionic power that in heroic parts can dispense with inches. The inspiration, which is but the highest form of intelligence, is virtually all. To translate the great thoughts of an abnormal mind, such as Shakespeare's, some kindred supplementary quality must exist in the interpreter. The problem for the actor is not "What should I feel or do in such circumstances?" but "What would Shakespeare's *Othello* do, and how would he do it?" Herein lies the difference between the artistry and the craftsmanship of which Professor Jenkin speaks. It is the difference between the deadly, mechanical, traditional Hamlet of that wonderful actor, Samuel Phelps, and the fascinating Dane of Edwin Booth. The one was Mr. Phelps, the other was an illustrative suggestion of the real prince.

Was Sarah Siddons a great interpretative artist, or was she only an extraordinarily clever player, mistress of every trick in her branch of the theatrical trade, and endowed with special graces of nature, a noble form and countenance, a glorious voice, and matchless natural dignity? To hesitate in answering seems almost blasphemous. She was the object of almost universal critical acclaim. But the insistence upon her majesty of deportment, her poses, her "eloquent pauses," her nicely measured speech, her floods of tears, her abrupt transitions, provokes doubt. She flourished

in a theatrical period marked by an artificiality to which Macready, himself a precisian, gave a death-blow. It is difficult, in these later days, to share Professor Jenkin's faith in Professor Bell's notes, jotted down from actual observation, as proof positive of the accuracy of his own estimate of the actress's supreme genius. They are descriptive rather than analytical, and exceedingly fragmentary. They show, so far as they go, how and when Siddons made some of her great points. They demonstrate the occasional effectiveness, not the mentality or consistency, of her performance. He makes it plain that she relied much upon strongly contrasted moods, abrupt transitions, and splendor of pose and gesture—she was, doubtless, a gifted and impressive creature with superb executive ability—but was not much concerned, apparently, about the harmony of her work as an artistic whole. He intimates, perhaps unconsciously, that she endowed Lady Macbeth with a double personality, one superior to all feminine weaknesses, the other subject to nearly all of them. It might be argued, very plausibly, from his comments, that she paid more heed to theatrical effect than to the truth of nature. He even suggests that she deliberately acted the character in a manner contrary to her own conception of it, for purely theatrical purposes, without perceiving the enormity of such an artistic offence. In other words, she was influenced by the desire to make the most of her own personality. She is known to have expressed the notion that Lady Macbeth was more temptress than tyrant. On the other hand, it is certain that in acting her she dominated the whole play, relegating Macbeth—who, after all, was a brave warrior and chief executant—to an entirely secondary position, thus disturbing the whole balance of the tragedy. This was not the Shakespearean intent, and it was not the highest artistry. There can be no doubt of Mrs. Siddons's wonderful acting power, but that she was a great interpretative genius is less certain.

Professor Jenkin is on firm ground when he maintains that the prime object of the playwright must be a successful appeal to the emotions, but on dangerous ground when he attempts to prescribe a formula for playmaking. There are certain indispensable rules, or principles, which cannot be safely ignored, but most of them are elastic. Legouvé is no longer an authority. The five-act play is almost a thing of the past. So long as a plot is a good one, logical as to causes and consequences, it does not matter whether it was constructed backwards or forwards. But the mechanism must be concealed. No two dramatists work in precisely the same way. The one thing necessary is the proper interaction of circumstance and character. Nobility of subject and treatment provides, of course, the one true test of excellence. Success in representation is not, necessarily, any proof of real value, or failure of unworthiness. Incompetent acting has killed some of the

finest dramas ever written. It has often proved fatal even to Shakespeare.

It is worth noting that Talma, perhaps the greatest histrionic genius in the history of the French stage, begins his paper with the assertion that his art is for instruction as well as for pleasure. He might have added that when the theatre abandons all profession of instruction it abandons also its claim to be considered among the arts. The power of the stage to diffuse profitable instruction of all kinds under the disguise of entertainment is its greatest privilege, distinction, and opportunity. Talma is under no delusion concerning the object, the responsibility, or the power of the actor. He is, he says, a translator, and more than a translator, too, for there are cases in which he can add to and perfect the ideal presented for his interpretation. If a man have not histrionic genius, he says, no amount of teaching can give it him. Nevertheless, training and long practice, about twenty years of them, are always essential, and the greatest genius may profit by artistic instruction. This he proceeds to illustrate by the experience of Lekain. Nature is the true guide, he avers, in the most exalted moods of tragedy. "The great movements of the soul," he adds, "elevate a man to an ideal nature in whatever rank he may be," which is a somewhat dark saying. Extreme sensibility and profound intelligence, he declares to be the most essential attributes of the great actor. The first enables him to associate himself with all the shades of character, every movement of the soul, of the historical or fictitious person. Sensibility is even more important than intelligence, especially in tragedy. It is the province of intelligence to compare, select, and coördinate the impulses of inspiration. Only those players whose souls are susceptible to the extremes of passion can hope to be great actors. Here there is no question of the actor foisting upon his audience his own common character for that of a noble ideal.

Fleeming Jenkin, in an acute survey, picks out the salient points of Talma's essay with prompt appreciation, but is somewhat hypercritical in charging him with confusing feeling with expression. Actually, he meant that the one implied or suggested the means to the other. Deep feeling, in different persons, may express itself in many different ways. Intelligence reflecting upon these will decide upon the best and most appropriate. It is possible, of course, that the first natural, intuitive action or utterance of the player student might, upon consideration, be adopted as the best possible in the prescribed circumstances, but that would prove the exception, not the rule. It is clear that Talma meant to warn actors against the danger of imputing themselves, as Tennyson expressed it. Had Talma lived to see Salvini, who was virtually free from all mannerisms of any kind whatever, and exhibited unequalled versatility as *Othello*, Conrad, and Sullivan, he would have recognized in him a brilliant exponent of his theory and system.

Henry James's essay upon the art of the actor is especially valuable at this time for the stress which it lays upon the important part that cultivated speech plays in the interpretation of literary and poetic drama. His estimate of Coquelin's versatility—positive as it indisputably was in a wide range of comedy—and of his supremacy in romantic and highly emotional parts, is somewhat extravagant, but there is no exaggeration in the critical praise which he lavishes upon the extraordinary finish and beauty of his diction. His voice was an extraordinary instrument, not particularly musical, but wonderfully strong, penetrating, and vibrant, and he played upon it with exquisite skill. The crispness, clarity, and volubility of his utterance, with its infallible adherence to the nicest emphasis, contributed immensely to his innumerable triumphs in every variety of comic character, from his inimitable lackeys of the old classic comedies to the "diseurs" of the later social drama. To the longest speeches, even to the traditional chant of interminable Alexandrines, he could impart infinite variety and interest by his mastery of all the arts of vocalization. In dwelling on this delightful proficiency Mr. James, in passages of rare literary charm and critical acumen, insists upon the theatrical necessity of gratifying the ears as well as the eyes of a cultivated audience. He is doubtless right in saying that the slovenly speech of the modern actor has helped to drive the literary drama from the stage.

M. Coquelin, an unimpeachable authority on the subject of theatrical art, plumply asserts that the actor must provide the proper body for the soul created by the author. It must be the complete and perfect expression of it "with all its peculiar manner." This, alas, is counsel of perfection. He adds that there is no masterpiece to which the great actor may not contribute something. To inferior parts he gives nearly everything. In Diderot's paradox M. Coquelin proclaims himself a firm believer. An actor, he says, must learn to express emotions which he has never felt and never can feel. This is the gist of the whole matter, and it is a sufficient answer to the assertion of George Arliss, in an introduction to a paper by William Gillette, that the actor who feels and lives his part gives free play to his body and features, and so presents the true flesh-and-blood man. Such a performer simply plays himself. He virtually contradicts his own dogma when he says that many players, who have won popularity only in some peculiar type of character (their own), are not actors at all. This is most potently true. A really strong individuality—often the accompaniment of genius, as in Irving—cannot always be suppressed utterly, nor is such total suppression always desirable—but it can be moulded and transformed. Mr. Arliss's contribution is not very valuable, being professional, not philosophical. As for Mr. Gillette's, that is almost negligible, being flippant, shallow, and dis-

ingenuous, when it is not platitudinous. He jeers at criticism and the "palmy days," upholds the commercial managers, and demolishes propositions which no sensible person ever made. Of course, managers, unless richly endowed, must make money in order to live. The real question is whether more money cannot be made by good plays with good actors than with poor plays and poor actors. One wonders why matter so unreflective should have been deemed worthy of reproduction in such company, by a great educational association.

As for his dictum—discussed by Prof. Brander Matthews in one of the useful supplementary notes which he has provided—that a play cannot be fully comprehended by the reader, unless he has also seen it in action, that, Goethe and Molière to the contrary notwithstanding, is completely fallacious as a general proposition. It may be true of pieces, mostly comic, of which the text is insignificant, the types special, and action all important, but it certainly does not apply to masterworks, of which the conception, the psychology, and the text are inspired by imaginative genius, and which suggest to the reader—having brains—ideals not to be materialized by human ability.

"ROMEO AND JULIET."

The production of "Romeo and Juliet" made by the David Chanler Dramatic Company in the Forty-fourth Street Theatre proved an unfortunate illustration of the way in which such an enterprise ought not to be undertaken. All the preliminary care and forethought apparently had been bestowed upon the framework and accompaniments of the play, instead of on the proper interpretation of the play itself. The scenery and costumes were everything that the most fastidious spectator could desire. They justified the reputation of Jacques Coini. Seldom, if ever, has the tragedy had a richer or more tasteful setting. The incidental music—though some of it was used in wrong places—was good and admirably performed by a string orchestra. But the performance, except at two or three isolated spots—the ballroom and mob scenes, in which the supernumeraries were handled effectively and picturesquely—was inadequate, dull, and utterly uninspired. The only actor in the cast who filled his part and spoke his lines with comprehension of their meaning, dignity, and rhythm, was the veteran Fuller Mellish, the Friar Laurence. The Romeo of George Relph was handsome, virile, and fairly intelligent, but devoid of eloquence, fascination, or any glow of romance. The Mercutio of Frederick Lewis was facile and rapid, but without distinction or brilliancy. The Nurse and Peter were traditionally and dismally mechanical. Miss Khyva St. Albans, who attempted Juliet, was a novice, endowed with beauty, stature, gracefulness, and courage, who evidently had been coached carefully, if not always judiciously, in the "business" of her part. She rehearsed it with precision and occasionally with vigor, but of the essence of the character she expressed nothing or very little. The representation as a whole—it would be dishonest to say less—was exasperating, because of the wrong done to Shakespeare.

J. R. T.

"THE CHIEF."

Horace Annesley Vachell has adopted the rôle of playwright *con amore*, and, we may add, with a success that is denied to most novelists who turn to the drama for added laurels or, more probably, added dollars. Seldom in the unfamiliar medium of the stage does a novelist exhibit the technical mastery displayed by Mr. Vachell in the two plays by him which have been seen in New York this season—"Quinneys," one of the most pleasing productions of the year, and now "The Chief," a most cleverly written light comedy, produced last week at the Empire, the principal rôle in which fits Mr. Drew so well that we can hardly believe that the play was not written with this experienced comedian in mind.

The Earl of Yester, an amiable and immensely wealthy nobleman of middle age, an ex-Colonial Governor, was inveigled by a trick of the formidable Mrs. Bargus into a marriage with her daughter which was not a success. As the play opens he has been a widower for some years, but his mother-in-law still rules in his household, which is nominally presided over by her younger daughter, Emily. It is her desire—the Deceased Wife's Sister bill having finally passed the House of Lords—to effect a match between Emily and the Earl. Breaking into this situation comes Cynthia Vansittart, Yester's former love, from whom he was separated by the trick of his mother-in-law. Cynthia is now a fascinating widow, but poor and looking for a position as secretary. Yester, who is about to lose his invaluable secretary, Derek Waring, offers her the position, and in addition buys from her some pearls which, unknown to her, are imitation. His old love is revived, and the end of the play would have come prematurely but for the secondary plot that centres upon Yester's ward, Daphne Kenyon. Cynthia, conceiving the idea that Yester is in love with his ward and she with him, repulses his attentions. In point of fact, Daphne is in love with Waring, the invaluable secretary, and Yester is anxious for her to marry Lord Arthur Wrexham, the worthless son of a duke, while poor nondescript Emily is genuinely in love with Yester, and Mrs. Bargus is busy pulling strings in all directions to bring about the match. To attempt to follow the complications that ensue in a brief summary would be an injustice to the play. All comes right in the end. Yester marries his old love, triumphantly vindicated of the various accusations made against her by Mrs. Bargus, and Daphne marries the secretary.

Whether "The Chief" will enjoy a long run in New York may be doubted. It is the type of drawing-room comedy that goes so well in London, but, lacking "the punch," is not so much appreciated over here. Also, of course, in motive, atmosphere, and characters, it is essentially English. There is no faintest pretence to originality in plot; the characters all belong to well-recognized stage types; the end of the play is plainly in sight almost from the beginning; except in the third act it is wholly lacking in any dramatic tension. But the slender theme is worked out with all the nicety and exactness of an ingenious puzzle, situation fitting into situation, character complementing character; and throughout the dialogue is clever and vivacious. American audiences usually demand stronger meat than Mr. Vachell provides for

their dramatic fare; but it is all vastly entertaining, and for the student of the stage the delicate flavor of the menu more than atones for its lack of solid sustenance.

Of Mr. Drew it is sufficient to say that he is seen at his best. Miss Laura Hope Crews gives a clever and well-conceived performance in the by no means easy part of Cynthia Vansittart. As played by Miss Consuelo Bailey, Daphne Kenyon is as dainty and vivacious an ingénue part as has been seen this season, the scene in which she indulges in mock hysterics on a sofa being a capital bit of farce-comedy. Miss Katherine Stewart, admirably dressed, is a properly formidable Mrs. Bergus; Miss Thais Lawton is perhaps excessively dismal in the dismal rôle of Emily; Echlin Gayer gives a good character study as Lord Arthur Wrexham, and George Graham is capable as a secretary and prepossessing as a lover. S. W.

Music

A MUSICAL "GENIUS AMONG GENIUSES."

"To my mind, Frederick Delius is certainly the greatest and most significant of all living composers known to me. Not merely because he is one of the most original and independent creators of our era, a wizard in orchestration, an iconoclastic harmonist second to none; but because of the irresistible emotional power and sincerity of all he writes; because he is one of the great cosmic men of all times, such as Bach, Wagner, Goethe, Milton, Walt Whitman. . . . It is the human soulfulness back of all his resplendent artistic achievements that marks him out as a genius among geniuses; that makes his work so strangely touching and endearing, and accounts for the ever increasing vogue of such complex creations as 'Dance Rhapsody,' 'Sea Drift,' 'Brigg Fair,' 'Pax,' 'Appalachia,' 'Mass of Life,' 'The Dance of Life,' 'On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring,' the piano concerto, etc."

After being incomprehensibly neglected in our concert halls, this "genius among geniuses," as Percy Grainger (who wrote the words just cited) calls him, has suddenly come to the fore. Last Friday, Mr. Grainger himself played the piano concerto with the New York Philharmonic, and it is no doubt owing to his enthusiastic championship that the New York Symphony Society last Sunday performed two of Delius's orchestral pieces, two "Mood Pictures," entitled "Summernight on the River" and "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring," and that the Philadelphia Orchestra promises to play, next month, his "Dance Rhapsody," which Grainger considers his most perfect long orchestral piece, which is "as full of melody (and such melody!) as Italian opera, kaleidoscopic in its ever-changing wanton moods and vivid contrasts of orchestral color."

The piano concerto demands special inter-

est from the fact that, like Dvorák's "New World Symphony," it was composed in America, and, likewise, shows the influence of negro music. As a young man, Delius spent a few years among the orange orchards of Florida, where he enjoyed the untutored singing of the negro workers, and in this the slow movement of the concerto had its birth. But if local color enhances the charm of this part, the substance of the work is Delius's own. The first movement, in particular, is replete with glowing details, splendid outbursts alternating with tender episodes that betray true genius. Mr. Grainger and the Philharmonic gave a superb performance of the concerto, and the audience indicated its pleasure in the most unmistakable manner. The conductor of the Philharmonic, Josef Stransky, is at his best in modern works like this, or the "Don Juan" of Richard Strauss, which preceded it.

Of the two pieces of Delius played by the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Walter Damrosch, the first, "Summernight on the River," is a night-impression of the River Loing, near the composer's home at Grez-sur-Loing, near Paris. Some croaky notes on the bassoon were inspired by a chorus of frogs that abound in a marsh near by. It is an impressionistic piece, remarkable as a mood picture, indeed, but of no great value as music. Much more interesting is the second, "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring." The cuckoo, represented by the clarinet, is Norwegian, and so is the charming folk tune on which this delightful piece is based. It is harmonized and colored in the style of Grieg, who was for years an intimate friend of Delius, and who could hardly have improved on it himself.

During the first six weeks of the present season the music lovers of New York have had opportunity to hear thirty singers, twenty pianists, and fourteen violinists, not counting those who appeared in concerts arranged by others. As Mr. Krehbiel has taken the pains to compute, these six weeks brought forward nearly half as many singers, pianists, and violinists as were heard here in six months of the season of 1914-15, which was an exceptionally busy one. Verily, New York has become Berlin, musically speaking. If the war lasts another year, all European musicians who are allowed to leave their countries (some prominent ones are detained) will have sought an asylum in America. Most of the American students and artists who were abroad have also come back, and they all give their recitals, though knowing in advance that the result will be, as a journalist has put it, "a deficit of \$400 and a broken heart." It is an open secret that most of the recitals in New York are given solely for the purpose of getting critical opinions which may be useful in preparing circulars for distribution throughout the country.

The operatic week did not bring anything new. Mascagni's "Iris" had to be postponed because Miss Bori was ill; and for the same reason Mme. Edvina had to be brought from

Chicago to sing Tosca. This Canadian soprano made a favorable impression both as a singer and—what is of equal importance in this opera of Puccini—an actress. She even has the gift of facial expression, rare in opera singers. In a revival of Rossini's "Barber of Seville" three new singers made their début, all of them Italians: Giacomo Damacco, Giuseppe de Luca, and Pompilio Malatesta, with whose aid Mme. Hempel gave one of the best performances of that opera heard here in some years. Rossini's masterpiece followed an afternoon performance of Wagner's "Parsifal," in which the new conductor, Arthur Bodanzky, once more proved himself a Wagnerian conductor of the first rank.

HENRY T. FINCK.

FOLKSONGS AND DANCES.

When the Oliver Ditson Company announced, a number of years ago, that it would publish, under the general title of The Musicians' Library, a series of volumes of songs and pieces for pianoforte by the great masters of all countries, the promise was at the same time made that each of these volumes would be edited by an authority on its subject. This promise has been carefully kept in mind, the result being that the sixty-seven volumes of this series now obtainable make a collection of incomparable value and trustworthiness. Not only are several thousand of the world's best songs and instrumental pieces thus brought under three-score and seven covers, but the volumes are beautifully printed on excellent paper, thus making ideal gift books for musical folk.

For the volume entitled "Sixty Folksongs of France" the publishers have been particularly judicious in procuring as its editor Julien Tiersot. A pupil of Savard, Massenet, and César Franck, and successor of Weckerlin as librarian of the Paris Conservatoire, M. Tiersot won, in 1885, the Prix Bordin for his "Histoire de la chanson populaire en France"; and since that time he has lectured and published much on the same subject, in which no other scholar has delved so deeply. In the introduction to the collection of French folksongs which he has made for the Oliver Ditson Company, he calls attention to the amazing fact that for a long time the belief was current that France possessed no real folksongs other than some satirical, the ancient *vaudevilles*, and the ariettes of a bygone day. The same belief, oddly enough, prevailed, until quite recently, regarding folksongs in England. When the first edition of Grove's monumental "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" was published, it was assumed that while there were plenty of Scotch and Irish folksongs, England itself had none that were racy of its soil. But since the establishment of the Folksong Society in 1898 large numbers of true English folk tunes have been gathered and printed, and Percy Grainger is now doing for them what his friend Grieg did for the folk music of Norway. To

cite Grieg's own words to Grainger with reference to his settings of folksongs: "In them you have thrown a clear light upon how the English folksong (to my mind so different from the Scotch and Irish) is worthy of the privilege of being lifted up into the 'niveau' of art; thereby to create an independent English music."

In France there has been no less active research, in which M. Tiersot has taken the lead. A footnote in the volume before us gives a partial list of his publications on this subject. In preparing these he became convinced that France need yield to no other nation in respect to the abundance, variety, and vitality of her folksongs. So abundant, indeed, is the supply that he did not feel it necessary to make more than a few excerpts from his earlier publications, preferring to have this an entirely fresh collection. All parts of France are represented, not excepting those provinces in which the speech differs so widely from French that it seems almost another tongue. Besides the general introduction, in which the thesis is maintained that the songs of the people constitute an art that is complete in itself and "display all the variety which is found in the ripest fruits of scholarship," the editor has also contributed a brief note to each of the sixty songs included in his collection, giving all information that could be obtained regarding it. These notes, as well as the introduction, are printed in the original French, in parallel columns with an English version.

M. Tiersot is also the editor and compiler of "Forty-four French Folksongs and Variants from Canada, Normandy, and Brittany" (G. Schirmer). He made two visits to the Canadians, who, he found, "have more faithfully preserved the treasures of their folklore than have their brothers who remained at home." Moreover, popular song in Canada, "far from being despised by the educated classes, has remained in favor with them even more than among the lower classes, to whom it has long been relegated in France." In all cases, in both these volumes, M. Tiersot has added harmonies which preserve the spirit of the tunes.

Concerned with the other end of our Continent is a volume entitled "Folksongs from Mexico and South America" (New York: H. W. Gray Company), compiled, edited, and arranged by Eleanor Hague and Edward Kilenyi. There are twelve of them, all love songs, some of Spanish, others of Brazilian, ancestry, and usually there is local color in the tunes as well as in the words. Much more comprehensive is another volume, compiled by Gustav Hinrichs, entitled "National Hymns, Songs, and Patriotic Airs" (New York: G. Schirmer). "All countries" in this case means 104 of them, in all parts of the world. The same publishers have recently issued two volumes of folk dances of Denmark and Finland, both of them edited and fully described, with text and music, by Elizabeth Burchenal. In these days of varied and new dances, culmi-

nating in the elaborate Diaghileff ballet, which is about to descend upon us, they will doubtless be widely welcomed.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Art

LITHOGRAPHY.

Lithography and Lithographers: Some Chapters in the History of the Art. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Together with Descriptions and Technical Explanations of Modern Artistic Methods, by Joseph Pennell. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$4.50.

Those who appreciate the rich possibilities of lithography as a medium for the artist, as a means of direct expression such as is found in etching, may well feel gratification at the fact that this re-issue and amplification of the book on the same subject published by the Pennells in 1898 has been judged expedient.

"The lithograph has the inestimable advantage of being absolutely autographic," and its appeal to the artist is based on varied resources. And yet that appeal has been long unheeded. Difficulties in printing may possibly have had something to do with this in America. To some extent, however, they exist elsewhere, and they are quite evident in the technical notes on printing in the present book. These notes, together with the information regarding transfer papers, should be of decided use to the artist intending to woo this willing and thankful medium. The passing reference on page 197 to "illustrations with a lithographic basis" calls to mind those American cartoonists of the type of Boardman Robinson who, like their confrères of the Paris *Figaro*, use soft crayon somewhat in the spirit of Daumier.

Historically, the present work is the best, in fact the only, summary in English, but it is not the most complete work on the subject. The story of the art to the end of the last century was told and illustrated very fully in the folio volume on lithography issued by the *Gesellschaft für vervielfältigende Kunst* of Vienna. "Some Masters of Lithography," by Atherton Curtis, easily holds first place, but does not enter into comparison here because it deals with a limited number of artists. The present book strikes one occasionally as combining a meticulous care in the ascertaining of details (as of exact dates) and an easy grace in failing to attend properly to other essentials. When a book is as useful as this one, it may seem ungracious to refer to errors which appear of minor importance. Yet a little care would have avoided the mistakes and made the book so much the more authoritative. There hardly seems need for misspellings of French and German words on pages 17, 21, 25, 69, 189, 190, 194, 202, 241. *Schabeisen* (p. 194) is not "graver," but "scraper." The Isabey reproduced as *Environ de Dieppe* is really *Intérieur d'un*

Port, and is, moreover, reversed. Proper names are misspelled: Guaci for Gauci (p. 121), Banguinet for Bagniet (p. 117), Bonnington for Bonington (p. 31), Boutet de Mourel for Monvel (p. 178), Soulange Tessier for Teissier (p. 82), Farney for Farny (p. 22), Carl Vernet for Carle (pp. 41, 42, 57, 65, 102), Hyppolite Lecomte for Hippolyte (p. 41), Max Kepler for Joseph Kepler (p. 222). The last-named is correctly given in the Vienna publication already mentioned, and in Weitenkamp's "American Graphic Art" (1912), in both of which books will be found the history of artistic lithography in America, which the present authors say "has never been written, or rather, when attempted, contradictory versions have been the result."

A third issue of the present book might well include a reference to the fact, duly set forth in the two books just cited, that as early as 1808, according to the *National Intelligencer* of January 8 of that year, Dr. S. L. Mitchell had a lithographic stone and ink in his possession. And as to the question of priority of production, Mr. Joseph Jackson has shown, in an article on Bass Otis (*Pennsylvania Magazine of History*, 1913), that the first lithograph by that artist—and the first by any one published in this country—was not the one issued in 1819, and long accepted as the first, but a portrait of Abner Kneeland done for the latter's "Lectures" published in 1818. And, by the way, the plate which appeared in the *Analectic Magazine* for 1819 is not signed "Benj. Otis," but clearly "Bass Otis"; there was no Benjamin. If we note that Kriehuber, Pettenkofer, Aman Jean, Slevogt, Ludwig von Hoffmann, and John Leech are among those who do not appear in the index, be it stated also that criticism is disarmed by acknowledgment in the preface of the probable existence of "commissions and omissions." It seems, however, that mention might have been made of E. G. Kennedy's valuable illustrated catalogue of Whistler's lithographs.

The pictures are generally well chosen, but the reproduction is very uneven. It is frequently satisfactory, but Whistler (frontispiece), Menzel (p. 195) and Bonington (p. 31), for instance, have lost their character in these plates, and Sargent's Study (p. 139) is absolutely ruined. Luckily, it has been excellently reproduced in other publications, three times at least. The plate of Sargent is inexcusable; for the others one may grant that even the least successful may do as memoranda, and that one does not expect more for the price of the book.

When all has been said, however, this is the only good general account of the subject in English, and it emphasizes vigorously the importance and interest of the lithographic medium for the artist. The enormous commercial exploitation of lithography so dominates the general attitude towards the art that it is hard to command a realization of the possibilities for the artist inherent in the process of which its inventor, Senefelder, once wrote: "May the day be blessed when I created it."

Finance

THREE INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.

Two incidents of the past week—connected in a curious way with still another incident of a week or two ago—served to direct the imagination of the American financial community to the future rather than the present. Early last week the Government's foreign trade statement for October not only showed the month's exports to have been \$33,000,000 ahead of any other month on record, and the \$186,000,000 excess of exports to have similarly surpassed all precedent, but it also proved that, if the results of the two remaining months were to be on the same scale as those of October, the export surplus for the whole of 1915 would be almost exactly \$2,000,000,000. In no previous calendar year has the export excess run beyond the \$691,000,000 of 1913.

Immediately following this statement, there was announced in Wall Street the formation of a \$50,000,000 American corporation, backed by some of the most powerful names in American banking, and organized for the stated purpose of "doing an international business and establishing trade relations with different countries, which will help to make a world market for our products." This end the projectors of the enterprise expect to achieve, through financing the development of American trade with outlying markets of the world, such as South America, China, Russia, India, and Japan. Apparently, the purpose is to provide, through combined individual and company initiative, the stimulus and facilities which governments have provided in the case of such past expansion of a nation's foreign trade as that of Great Britain and Germany.

These two interesting sidelights on the possible commercial destinies of the United States came shortly after the arrival at New York, in the first week of November, of a French industrial commission. It was sent to provide for the trade relations of France and this country after the European war is over. The seven commissioners were practical men, eminent in business pursuits and directly representing all branches of French industry, from agriculture to manufacture. One of the delegates described the purpose of the mission to be the enlisting of the American manufacturer in the work of Europe's physical reconstruction, and, further than this, in the equipping of industrial France for a new career.

Before the war, he pointed out, France used annually to buy \$160,000,000 worth of machinery abroad. All of this trade, the commissioner frankly said, will go to the United States when peace returns, and the total amount will be much greater, because "complete equipment will have to be put into the devastated districts." The study of our industrial methods and industrial

capacity, with a view to these large prospective operations, was the immediate purpose of the commission's visit.

Of these three incidents, the first suggests the question whether this country's present remarkable position in foreign trade can continue; the second is evidence of concerted and thoroughgoing efforts to make it continue, and the third brings to light some important reasons why it may continue. All of them bear on the problem as to what will be the economic position of the United States, in relation to the rest of the world, after the war is over. We know what that position has been and is likely to be during the war itself. How about that period of uncertainty and vague conjecture which will follow return of peace? On this question, new developments in the financial and industrial markets of the day are constantly throwing fresh light.

Mr. Charles M. Schwab, whose knowledge of the American steel and iron trade is probably second to that of no other expert in the field, takes the ground emphatically that the outside world's demand on American manufacturers will be long continued. The ground for this belief, which is held by many other practical experts, is that requirements for physical reconstruction of the part of Europe devastated by war will be enormous. European manufacturers will not be able promptly to produce the material required, with their working forces so greatly depleted by the loss of war; whereas American producers, alone among all manufacturing communities, will be equipped with the capital, labor supply, facilities, and raw material requisite for immediate rehabilitation. Our country will also—so this argument on the matter runs—be in such relations with what is now the neutral consuming world, through our present position as the central money market of the world, that our trade with such communities will necessarily continue to expand.

Against this view of the probable outcome is placed the argument that the present belligerent States of Europe will be compelled as a matter of vital necessity, on return of peace, to recover the export trade which they had lost during the war. They will accordingly, so the inference runs, produce and sell goods for the export trade at any price which is necessary to regain the business. They may invade the preserves of our own manufacturers. The problem is one of rare economic interest. It is under our Government's consideration now.

For the present, it will perhaps be reasonably safe to let economic judgment rest on the fact that the United States is now in all respects in the most advantageous position of any market of the world to provide what will certainly be the world's requirements on return of peace. It is so, both financially and politically, and it can scarcely fail to retain its advantage in both directions. Perhaps, when this war is over, belligerent Europe will discover that one of the most fortunate developments of the

conflict, in the interests of all concerned, is the fact that the United States was not drawn into it. That fact will have resulted in the existence, on return of peace, of at least one great financial and industrial nation, able to meet the financial and industrial requirements of the rest, and at the moment of Europe's economic exhaustion.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

- Comfort, W. L. Lot & Company. Doran. \$1.25 net.
Mille, P. Barnavaux. Lane. \$1.25 net.
Verrill, A. H. Isles of Spice and Palm. Appleton. \$1.25 net.
Wood, M. The Double Road. Longmans, Green. \$1.20 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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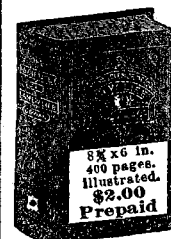
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